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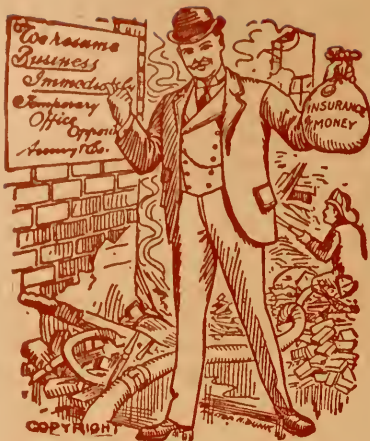
# IMPROVEMENT ERA

Vol. XV. . . . AUGUST, 1912 . . . . No. 10

ORGAN OF THE PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS,  
THE YOUNG MEN'S MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT  
ASSOCIATIONS, AND THE SCHOOLS, OF THE  
CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE  
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No other instructions to missionaries can be more pertinent and timely than these given by President Brigham Young, Aug. 28, 1852. They are as applicable today as they were then:

"When I heard the brethren exhorting those who are going on missions, I wished them to impress one thing upon the minds of the elders, for it is necessary that it should be uppermost there, which may be the means of preserving them from receiving stains on their characters from which very probably they may never recover. If we get a blight on our characters before the Lord, or in other words, lose ground and backslide by transgression, or in any other way, so that we are not up even with the brethren, as we are now, we never can come up with them again. But this principle must be carried out by the elders wherever they go, whatever they do, or wherever they are. One thing must be observed and be before them all the time in their meditations, and in their practice, and that is, *clean hands and pure hearts*, before God, angels, and men. If the elders cannot go with clean hands and pure hearts, they had better stay here, and wash a little longer; don't go thinking when you arrive at the Missouri river, at the Mississippi, at the Ohio, or at the Atlantic, that then you will purify yourselves, but start from here with clean hands and pure hearts, and be pure from the crown of your heads to the soles of your feet, then live so every hour. Go in that manner, and in that manner labor, and return again as clean as a piece of pure, white paper. This is the way to go, and if you do not do that, your hearts will ache.

"How can you do it? Is there a way? Yes! Do the elders understand that way? They do. You cannot keep your hands clean, and your hearts pure, without the help of the Lord; neither will he keep you pure without your own help. Will you be liable to fall into temptation and be overtaken in sin? Yes; unless you live so as to have the revelation of Jesus Christ continually, not only to live in it today, or while you are preaching in a prayer meeting, or in a conference; but when you are out of the meetings. You must have the Holy Spirit all the time, on Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, and every day through the week, and from year to year, from the time you leave home until you return, so that when you come back, you may not be afraid if the Lord Almighty should come into the midst of the Saints and reveal all the acts and doings and designs of your hearts in your missions, but be found clean like a piece of white paper: that is the way for the elders to live in their ministry at home and abroad."





ELDERS OF THE WEST PENNSYLVANIA CONFERENCE,  
EASTERN STATES MISSION

TOP ROW, left to right: LeRoy Wixom, Sharon, Idaho; E. F. Baldwin, Beaver, Utah; Hugh Fackrell, Blackfoot, Idaho. SECOND ROW: Angus M. Maughan, Preston, Idaho; Lyman W. Noyes, Eva A. Noyes, Provo, Utah; J. Willis Turner, Eaton, Colo.; Alonzo T. Barrett, Logan, Utah. THIRD ROW: Chas. A. Nuffer, Preston, Idaho; Secretary W. S. Langton, Logan, Utah; President Ben E. Rich, New York City; J. David Lee, Thatcher, Ariz. FOURTH ROW: Martin Mortensen, Thatcher, Ariz.; Alvin A. Despain, Sandy, Utah; Conference President E. Franklin Birch, Knightsville, Utah; James L. Prince, New Harmony, Utah; Geo. B. Davis, Salt Lake City, Utah. FIFTH ROW: Earl B. Collings, Monroe, Utah; C. A. Richards, Carey, Idaho; J. C. Siddoway, Teton City, Idaho.

For the year 1911, they sold: Books of Mormon, 246; small books, 3,336; tracts distributed, 97,229; hall meetings held, 310; cottage meetings, 384; open air meetings, 159.

# IMPROVEMENT ERA.

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VOL. XV

AUGUST, 1912

No. 10

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## **The Place of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations in the Church\***

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BY ELDER HEBER J. GRANT

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The place of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations in the Church is the subject allotted to me. It has been said that "the man without the woman is not perfect in the Lord, neither the woman without the man," and the place of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations is to try and keep up with the young ladies. That is the principal duty at present. There are some of our bishops who think that there is no place for the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations. They doubtless have no children. If they have daughters, as I have—all my boys being girls—they can have no desire for them to get good husbands, or it would never enter their heads that there is no place in the Church for the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations.

The remarks that have been made here tonight by Sister Connelly I endorse with all my heart. I thank her for making them. Our associations were organized by inspiration to President Brigham Young. There were a great many who did not believe in the Religion Classes. Brother Maeser labored with zeal and with the spirit of inspiration, and finally converted nearly all the people to the Religion Class work. I have heard many a stake president and bishop say: "I don't believe in the Religion Class exercises. We already have more organizations than we need." On more than one occasion, I have sat listening as

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\*Delivered at the Annual M. I. A. Conference, Sunday, June 9, in the Salt Lake City Tabernacle.

the words of inspiration, under the influence of the Spirit of God, flowed from the lips of Karl G. Maeser, and shed tears of gratitude when I have heard him training little children in the Religion Class exercises. I remember on one occasion attending meeting with Brother Charles W. Nibley, out in Baker City, Oregon, and as we came out Brother Nibley said: "A man has a good deal of the Spirit of the Lord who can make me cry." I said, the same is true of me. We had both been crying under the inspiration of the Spirit of the Lord that came to Brother Maeser. It is the Spirit that giveth life and utterance, but the dead letter kills.

"We thank thee, O God, for a Prophet" to guide us in these latter-days. I will stop just long enough to have these lovely children (Ensign Primary) sing the hymn for our benefit. (The children sang.) They have only given us the first verse, but you all know the rest, and I will not take time to read it. "We thank thee, O God, for a Prophet." When any bishop sings that song, or announces it in his ward, I want him to remember that the Prophet of God, Brigham Young, under the inspiration of God, organized the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations. His successor, John Taylor, appointed the superintendency with the President of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles at its head. The successor to John Taylor, Wilford Woodruff, when we suggested that he was nearly ninety years of age, and that we did not care to burden him with the labors of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations, replied, "I would like to be the superintendent as long as I live. I want to be one with the boys, and partake of the spirit of the young men." It is that disposition, a willingness to mingle with the youth, and to take part in their activities which helped to keep men like Wilford Woodruff and John R. Winder active in body and in spirit. We partake to a certain extent of the spirits of those with whom we mingle. When I was in Liverpool, too tired to go to the theater, Brother Penrose would say, "Come on, Sister Grant, we will go and let the old man rest."

The Y. M. M. I. A. gives the young men an organization which they can call their own, which young people much desire. I feel young enough to desire it. No greater calamity could befall the young men of this Church than for them to have no or-

ganization of their own. Our associations teach the young men to preside and conduct public assemblies, and to express themselves in public gatherings. I have met men with salaries ranging from twenty-five to one hundred thousand a year who were not as capable as some of our boys of twenty when it came to making an impromptu speech.

"What makes a good musician? Practice. What makes a good artist? Practice. What makes a man a good mechanic? Practice. What makes a man a good man? Practice." This is true. We want the boys to get practice, in speaking and in conducting themselves properly. Kill our associations and the needed practice is done away with.

They give opportunity for study along religious, social, scientific, intellectual and physical lines. They prevent the general organization of clubs, social and select educational societies, and meet the desires and wants of young people in such activities under Church influence and direction. If we fail to provide our young men with the opportunity of doing this, they will go outside of Church influences to indulge in these things.

Speaking of social societies before our associations were organized, I look back with a great deal of pleasure to the Wasatch Literary Association, consisting of young boys and girls who during my 'teens met together for social and literary improvement. I am pleased to know that three of that association are today members of the Council of the Twelve Apostles. One is a member of the First Council of Seventies. The first governor of the state of Utah and the president of the Ensign stake of Zion, the man who commanded the Utah batteries in the Philippine Islands in the defense of his country, came from that association. One of the sweetest souls that it ever fell to my lot to know, the late Feramorz Young, was a member. The very successful manager of the Church organ, the *Deseret News*, was also a member. Last, but not least, the sister who presides over the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Associations in all the world, was a member. The Wasatch has had members of the General Board of the Relief Society, one of the leading artists of the state, and (I don't know that we need boast of it from a religious standpoint) the head of all the Christian Science organizations in Utah, were members. I rather think that if this had



been a joint Young Men's and Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association, we would have had today the head of the Christian Scientists, instead, as the president of a Relief Society or Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association.

If we did not have the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations, we would have large numbers of our young men joining the various secret societies for cheap insurance and sociability. If we do not furnish them with some activity, they will furnish it themselves. Let me give you a pointer on insurance. That is my business. Always look out for the person who offers something for nothing, and when you are offered cheap insurance in assessment companies, take my word for it, it is the dearest insurance on earth, unless you die quick. To illustrate, ten men agree to assess themselves \$100 apiece in the case of the death of one. The first man dies, his family gets \$900. They get in another man, and so on until several die and the men become too old to get in others. And then when the next man dies his family gets only \$800, and the next man's family \$700, and so on down until the last man puts up his own \$100 and then dies. Absolutely, that is all there is to it.

The Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association is a center where the religious thought and activity of the young may find expression. As you have heard from Sister Connelly, the original keynote of Mutual Improvement was "to establish in the hearts of the young an individual testimony of the truth" and divinity, magnitude, necessity and value of the Church and its institutions. And this keynote is the same today. President Joseph F. Smith was made one of the superintendency in the days of Wilford Woodruff, and served as an assistant to Lorenzo Snow, and then he was chosen the superintendent, and we sing, "We thank thee, O God, for a Prophet to guide us in these latter-days." That applies not only to Brigham Young, but it applies to the present Prophet of God who gave us today the expression from his heart, that no man could have attended our meeting on Friday and partaken of the Spirit and not felt the need of the Improvement Associations. Thank the Lord, the Presidency of the Church, the Apostles, the seven Presidents of Seventies, the Presiding Patriarch, the Presiding Bishopric, who constitute the general authorities of the Church, all believe in the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations.



Let me give you a little sound advice: Anybody within the sound of my voice who doesn't believe in the Young Men's Association, would better repent and get in on the right side at once. The Prophet Joseph Smith gave it as an invariable rule that the leaders of the Church, as a whole, would never go astray, and when they start an institution under the inspiration of God, which they believe in unanimously, it is a very serious thing for any man occupying a prominent position in the Church to oppose it. President Brigham Young said that more testimonies came to people while upon their feet than upon their knees. I agree with him.

Our association is a rallying place in which the youth may learn from study and experience to develop all noble gifts within them. This implies class work in conduct, application of religious doctrines, literature, science, history, biography, art, government, etc. It is a forum where those who have special talents may be encouraged to cultivate them by public expression, where the young men take part in debates, orations, music, story-telling, lectures, writing essays, reading and speaking. The orations on Friday on President Brigham Young and "The Three Pioneer Women" bear witness to the benefit derived from this class of work in our associations. I feel grateful to the young man who delivered the oration and I never expect to see the day that we will not have the opportunity of listening to addresses of this class from young men. Our young men would petition the bishops for organizations, if the latter were to resolve that we should not have them. I forgot to mention that nearly all the boys in the Wasatch Literary association in addition to learning about literature, etc., captured good wives from that association. Do away with our associations and you reduce the young ladies' opportunities to capture good husbands.

As a social center in which public and private amusements may be carried on, and proper conduct inculcated and made popular, our organizations are useful and beneficial. Here the young may engage in musical, dramatic, and other like entertainments and festivities. Scouting, field sports, athletic tournaments, excursions, dances and other social gatherings are here encouraged, giving the young people an opening under proper tutelage and supervision for the pent-up energy that might otherwise display

itself in wrong actions. This field is for the Mutual Improvement Associations because it is the only organization in the Church which undertakes to provide these necessary activities for the young people. Further, because the field, if not occupied by this Church organization, will be occupied by private companies and associations, not always desirable and clean, but formed for money-making. How many crimes are committed for money! We want these amusements, not for the dollars, but for the uplifting and the betterment of the youth of Israel.

Ours is the most appropriate organization in the Church for these activities, because (a) its membership is composed of many young men and women whom it is difficult at that age to interest in theological study only, and (b) being broader in scope than any other, it may give full latitude to every legitimate mental, social or physical excellence and enjoyment which the Church desires to foster and promote among the young men and women, and to provide every legitimate ambition and impulse to excel in any of these broader fields, without having to seek opportunity in outside organizations.

The Priesthood should support the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations because, *first*, it is a feeder to the priesthood quorums; *second*, it is a vital force for good in the community, and a help to the priesthood. You cannot convert a bishop who has an active, wide-awake Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association, but what it is one of the finest organizations that could possibly exist in his ward. He knows the benefit, he knows the support, the same as the bishop knows the benefit to his ward of a young man who comes home from a mission filled with the Spirit of God, and who can feed the people the bread of life. There is no labor that pleases the Lord more than for young men to prepare themselves for missions. From my own experience, I know that the active M. I. A. member is better prepared for missionary work than one who has not attended the Mutuels. In this field the young men may have the opportunity for preparation to do good, effective missionary work. There is no place better for men and women of experience to do good than can be found working in our Mutual Improvement Associations. The best missionaries, the best workers, should be called if necessary to do missionary work among the young peo-

ple in their association activities. Often more practical, good, and more genuine religion can be impressed by a word in the right place, in the games, parties, entertainments, classes and festivals of the young than in much preaching and exhortation.

As a practical illustration: When I was a young man of twenty-four, presiding over the Tooele Stake of Zion, passing a base-ball game one day, I heard the boys profane. I did not correct them, but I called to one of the players and said: "Next time you have a baseball game, boys, count me in. I used to play in the nine that won the championship in our territory." The boys did count me in, and I often played with them. The fact that the president of the stake came and played with them was the reason, I think, that no oaths were used in all the games that I played. I never saw finer deportment in my life than those boys exhibited upon the ball field. We therefore ask the co-operation of the priesthood, and particularly the presiding authorities in this work. Give, we pray you, the boys and girls, men and women of ability, suitable, lovable and especially fitted to associate with them, to teach and direct them in their studies, plays, intellectual and physical activities. Call them on missions to do so, if necessary. Neither the priesthood quorums nor the Sunday schools, nor any of the other organizations of the Church are taking care of a certain great lot of our young people. There are at least forty per cent of them who are not attending any of our organizations, between the ages of say fourteen and seventeen. You will notice that we have three strong and splendid organizations, the Sunday School, the Primary and the Religion Class, with three strong boards, working to get the children in line; but the children leave as soon as they get to the dangerous or adolescent age, and we have only one board and one organization working for the boys between those ages. The little children naturally run to their organizations; our boys are inclined to run away from our organization. We need the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association, and we need also to inspire all their officers with more effort and greater zeal and enthusiasm, to hold our young people at this age. Our association is specially fitted and adapted to do this work effectively, and to interest young men and young women in the great cause of the Lord.

The Church is spending fully \$350,000 a year to educate the

young people in Church schools, and I believe I do not over-estimate when I say that only about ten per cent of the time of the students is devoted to theological studies exclusively; the other ninety per cent is to scientific, literary, and other secular studies, and the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations are working along the same lines, and not costing the Church a dollar.

Now, one of the great reasons why the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations should exist is that we can keep up our reading course. There is a great improvement as a rule in our reading and in the number of books read.

"Truth is the rock foundation of every great character. It is loyalty to the right as we see it; it is courageous living of our lives in harmony with our ideals; it is always—power."

"Truth means that which one troweth or believes. It is living simply and squarely by our belief; it is the externalizing of a faith in a series of actions. Truth is ever strong, virile, though kindly, gentle, calm, and restful."

I know the truth so far as these Improvement Associations are concerned, and the truth is that God, by the inspiration of his Spirit, established the Young Men's and the Young Ladies', and the Primaries, the Sunday schools, the Religion classes and the Church schools, and by and with the help of the Lord, I am going to be one to stay by that truth that has come to us.

If there were no other excuse for the Young Men's Associations to live, I hold a perfect excuse in my hand, the IMPROVEMENT ERA. We started the IMPROVEMENT ERA, as Brother B. H. Roberts very splendidly presented before us in our meeting yesterday, without any capital except the loyalty of the young men, and how well they have furnished the capital! We are indeed grateful. They have certainly done their duty. We have paid our expenses every year, furnished the magazine free (with voluntary donations the first years) to all the missionaries. I am not overstating when I say \$26,000 in actual expense for mailing and for printing has been given by the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations in sending out free the IMPROVEMENT ERA to the missionaries.

I want to go through one number of the IMPROVEMENT ERA. [The speaker then examined each title or article in the May num-



ber, reading excerpts and making comments as to the value of same, etc., being in the main at too great length for insertion here.]

Referring to President Smith's statement in the May number on the faithfulness of the third and fourth generation of young Latter-day Saints: while I was in New York two or three weeks ago, I had the pleasure of attending a conference of all the conference presidents of the Eastern States mission, and during one of our meetings, President Ben E. Rich said: "I do not know how these boys stand, but having read a statement that the third and fourth generations of the Latter-day Saints are drifting away from the faith of their fathers, I would like each of you conference presidents to tell us to which generation you belong."

Every conference president in the Eastern States mission was of the third or fourth generation. This was a confirmation of the statement made by our Prophet, which I have just been reading from the ERA, that the Latter-day Saints are attacked upon false premises.

As I have remarked in going over these articles, there are quite a number so valuable and soul-inspiring that any one of them is worth the cost of subscription to the magazine; and besides, we are aiding in a substantial way in the spread of truth by sending free of cost, magazines to each missionary in the field. Every article published is well worth careful perusal, and the whole is a monument to the young men; and, as I have said, the IMPROVEMENT ERA is an ample reason for the continuance of our organization.

May God help us to be loyal, to love his work in all its activities, and labor for it to the best of our ability, I ask in the name of Jesus. Amen.

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PRESIDENT JOSEPH F. SMITH, in closing the meeting, said: "I pray that the Lord will bless and sanctify the efforts that have been put forth in this conference for the benefit and upbuilding and maintenance of the Mutual Improvement Associations, both Young Men's and Young Women's, and also the Primary Associations, and, for that matter, all the other auxiliary organizations of the Church."

## In Sunny Africa

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BY FRANK J. HEWLETT, AUTHOR OF "PEOPLE AND PLACES IN THE ORIENT," AND PRESIDENT OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN MISSION.

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A quartette from the Golden West, U. S. A., stood on the deck of the S. S. *Kommodore*, bound from Antwerp, Belgium, to Durban, Africa. Gazing at a black-board, crystal pearls glistening in the eyes of some, they read: "First stop Swakopmund, twenty-one days out." The German commander shouted the last orders, and the big ropes that had held the *Deutsche-Ost Afrika* line steamer to the pier for some days dropped with a splash into the water.

One hoarse blast from the whistle, the propeller begins to churn, and the good ship glides gracefully into the stream, beginning its long voyage.

The quartette consisted of Clifford S. Hodgson, Salt Lake. D. Vernon Shurtliff, Baker, Oregon, your humble servant and his wife. The passengers were mostly German farmers, some ripe with agricultural experience, others of the verdant type, all anxious accepters of the magnanimous offer of their government to them to take up land for farming and grazing purposes near Swakopmund and Luderitzbucht, in German-West Africa. Some of the pioneers had their wives and "kiddies" along. The price of land is reduced to a minimum of six cents per acre, without water. The necessary fluid is obtained by driving pipes, sometimes to an enormous depth.

Two of our best friends were Boers, Herr F. Goldschagg and frau. He was one of the heroes of the British-Boer war. The thrilling stories they related to us, and their explaining the different modes of travel, customs, etc., gave us many a pleasant and profitable hour.

### JOINING THE NEPTUNE CLUB

Fourteen days out there was a flurry of excitement aboard. We noticed two men with book and pencil in hand. "Who has

crossed the line before?" was the momentous question of the hour. Our friend Hodgson answered in the negative.

His name and a few minor details were written down in Father Neptune's book by the chief clerk. About forty names were enrolled, several representing the fair sex. Next morning there was plenty of noise and confusion on the fore deck. Sailors were constructing a canvas tank twenty-five feet long, ten

feet wide and about five in depth. At the end, on the outside, was a canvas funnel nearly forty feet long. In front of the tank was a rough platform with a rude pulpit on which was a large book. Coming from the forecandle was a procession headed by Father Neptune, wearing a tall plug hat. His cheeks were dabbed with red paint, the long whiskers which he stroked with pride



THE CREW OF NEPTUNE

Who initiated "first-timers" on *Kommodore*,  
Sept. 26, 1911.

were made of rope. His aide followed to the clanging of weird music, their arms and faces painted in all colors of the rainbow. Their costumes—well, the less said the better. The clerk calls out the first name in a loud tone. If the owner does not immediately respond, two masked policemen are dispatched to find him, and these amateur sleuths of the sea never fail to secure the lamb for the christening. The ordeal is a trying one. The victim, after being asked a few non-essential questions, sits on a box for the necessary shave. The tonsorial artist appears with a large pail of paste in his hand, which is quickly applied by means of a deck-mop. It only takes a moment to lather his face and head; then a burly sailor with wooden razor does the scraping act. Next the doctor appears with huge forceps in hand. The victim looks be-

wildered as a gigantic tooth is shown him, supposed to have just been extracted from his mouth, now being roughly fingered. This is followed by a cup of real blood dashed in his face, which no doubt would turn white with fright if the victim could see it a few seconds later. Mr. Experience is picked up and thrown into the tank, now filled to the brim with sea water, where two grinning blacks with costumes supposed to be worn by cannibals, duck him without mercy. Finally the victim is thrown out, his only means of escape from his tormentors is the long canvas funnel, into which, in sheer desperation, he crawls. Another sailor is waiting with the fire hose, and the way water is squirted under heavy pressure from the rear to drive Neptune's nearly full-fledged member through will never be forgotten. The only satisfaction for the first victim was to watch more novices go through the same tropical christening. The ladies fared better. They were treated to a few drops of perfume sprayed in their faces.

Next day they were all presented with a bright lithographed diploma which entitled them to full membership in Neptune's Club, and saving them from ever having the experience of the previous day repeated. Our young friend from Salt Lake stated with a grim smile that his well-earned diploma would receive a fine frame, and be hung in a conspicuous place in his library when he returned home.

We passed Los Palmas, Peak of Teneriffe, Canary Islands and Cape Verde. Our ship, being heavily loaded, did not stop for cargo or passengers. For fresh meat we had live geese, ducks, chickens, goats, hogs and steers which were killed as occasion demanded.

A chart of Africa was fastened on the side of the Social Hall. At noon each day miniature red flags were placed to denote distance sailed which generally averaged 280 miles per day. Whales and schools of porpoises were frequently seen, also flocks of albatross, the wonderful divers for fish.

Twenty-one days passed more rapidly than we anticipated. It was with regret that we bade good-by to part of the passengers on our arrival at Swakopmund. We were partially repaid, in a way, however, for their loss by taking aboard over a hundred Kaffirs booked for Luderitzbucht. They were dressed in gaudy colors, mostly well-built fellows who had been working in the



mines. There were a few women who were hauled aboard in nets, their cooking utensils being strapped to their backs. They huddled together on the deck like a herd of sheep.

Later we had a heavy rain, some of the crew took compassion on the natives and gave them some old canvas to help shelter them during the night.

Three days afterwards we sailed into the rock-bound harbor of Luderitzbucht, where we received one item of news from civilization, which was that war was declared between Italy and Turkey. Several masts from wrecked ships protruded from the water of the bay, also much debris was strewn along the shore, telling us that many a weather-beaten ship had sailed her last voyage.

A week later we beheld with joy the lighthouse built on the high Durban bluffs which cast its powerful, silvery light for a distance of eighty miles, a solemn warning to navigators to beware of the hidden dangers of the deep.

The *Kommodore*, which has carried us safely, glides in the darkness into the harbor, after carefully feeling her way most of the night to the haven of rest. The anchor chains rattle with flying sparks through the hawse pipes, and the officer sings out a cheery order, and the long voyage from Antwerp *via* the West Coast, to Durban, is over.

#### DURBAN—A GATE TO AFRICA

Later, when the sun has tipped the hills and is bathing the Saratoga and Los Angeles of Africa in golden light, bringing out the purple and green of the flower-bedecked hill, forming a picturesque background to the white city, the liner's anchor comes up, and with slowly revolving propellers she enters the dock to take up her time-honored berth.

The passengers have been awake for hours. Some are returning to the great Sub-Continent with its silent stretches of veld, its rock-bound kopjes and vivid sunsets, others look over the land with curiosity, wonderment, and bewilderment. They are at one of the gates of Africa, and wonder what the passing of the gate will hold in store. We are eager to step on terra firma once more, but, alas, two sturdy Durban policemen dressed in dark suits,



WEST STREET, LOOKING EAST—DURBAN

brass buttons, and helmet hats, with black straps under the chin, sternly said two words, "Not yet." The passengers are nearly all congregated in the large dining saloon waiting to be examined by the immigration officers. They soon arrive with their hands full of books and papers. Our turn came.

"Write your name in this book," was the first request complied with.

"Have you been in Africa before?"

"What is your occupation?"

"Let us see your permit" (passport).

"Any other identification papers?"

"Where is your twenty pounds?" (nearly \$100).

"Any dutiable goods in your boxes?"

"Have you any liquors or cigars?"

The above questions being satisfactorily answered, we are allowed to pass, and we gaze in wonder at the strange sights down on the quay. It is almost crowded with a gesticulating, guttural-talking, cosmopolitan horde. The ebony Kaffir shows his white teeth in a grin as he chants to the straining of his muscles, tugging at some heavy burden. Hindus from India are swinging large planks, while others are shoveling coal, the sweat rolling down their faces, mixing with the dust, their red caps now almost black.

Malays, with fezzed caps, descendants from slaves who have kept intact their religion and superstition, willing to believe the

wildest dreams of the romancer, and ever ready to respond to the cry of "*Lo Allah il Allah*," and the call of the muezzin, stalk solemnly by. You see the bright-eyed Britons smartly dressed and wearing the smasher hat beloved by the Colonial, they gaze up at the decks with eager expectation writ large on their faces, that some of their loved ones or near friends might have arrived from distant lands.

As you stroll along the bay esplanade you meet Spaniards, Portuguese, Italians, gaily dressed ladies, as if they had just dropped from the shops of Paris, picking their way daintily past almond-eyed Celestials, bearded Dutchmen, probably having arrived the night before from the interior of Natal, gaze with astonishment at many sights that they have not seen before.

Then comes the bustle of disembarkation. Kaffirs, and Hot-tentot coolies shoot the bags of mail down chutes from the decks,



TOWN HALL, DURBAN. NOTICE THE JINRIKISHAS AT THE RIGHT

and the electric cranes groan and hum as the cargo of the numerous ships swing out of the holds large cases designed for the mines, heavy iron building pillars, plows, reaping machines, pianos, automobiles, and stocks of general merchandise.

Let us hasten and see some of the sights of Durban. We are soon surrounded by Zulus, decked like warriors with horns on their heads and plenty of feathers. They are strongly-built fellows, and are drawing jinrickishas that will seat two average-sized



BAY ESPLANADE—DURBAN. HORNED ZULU

persons. A small card informs you that they are for "Europeans only." They all beckon for us to ride in their jumbo baby carriages, but we prefer to walk until tired, then ride to our destination. We stroll along the bay esplanade and admire the tropical trees, flowers and many varieties of shrubs. The principal streets of the white city are Smith, West, and Pine streets, all of which are parallel. These are well paved, kept clean as a new silver dollar, and are brilliantly lighted by a perfect electric system. Pine street is very broad, and the center is laid out as a public recreation ground, in which a handsome market house has been erected at a cost of \$190,000.

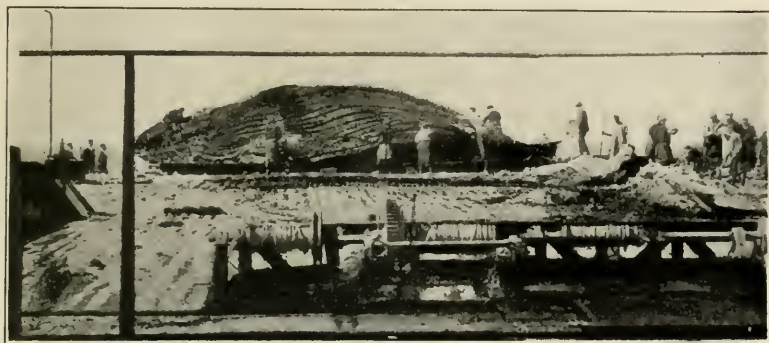
We visit the new town hall. The grounds surrounding this splendid work of architecture have been tastefully laid out, and constitute the city's valhalla of the memory of those who have served in the senate and in the field, for we see statues of Sir John Robinson (Natal's first prime minister), and the Right Hon. Harry Escombe, P. E., whose name is memorably identified with harbor improvements. There is also a fine memorial to Durban's volunteers who fell during the British-Boer war. We availed ourselves of a double-decker electric car to reach the Botanical Gardens. The gardens contain a magnificent collection of flowering shrubs and trees, also sweet-smelling flowers of variegated lines. We were told they were the most tropical in character of any to be seen in South Africa.



The principal suburb is the Berea, a small range of hills rising behind Durban, the slopes of which are covered with villas and gardens with bowers of bright-colored flowers. The railway lines lead to the summit, whence fine views of the city and harbor are obtainable. On the Berea are two pretty public parks. Durban and its surrounding country reminded me more of beautiful Honolulu than any other place in the world.

#### WHALE FISHING

The greatest of all attractions for tourists is the famous whaling station. We reach this interesting place by means of a narrow-gauge railway train. On a miniature cape, pointing into the bay,



WHALE AND WHALING STATION—DURBAN

is a large observatory. One man is constantly on the watch for whales, using a powerful telescope. When the king of the seas is spied, always first detected by the tell-tale spouting, a large steam launch is dispatched after it with all haste. Another launch follows to render assistance in emergency cases. A good-sized specially-made gun, which swings on a pivot, stands in the prow of the boat. A small harpoon is fired into the whale. Two minutes later an explosive bullet is shot into a vital part. The mortally wounded monster churns the water fiercely, then expires. It is easily towed alongside the launch to the landing-stage, near the station. By means of an immense derrick the carcass is hoisted out of the water onto two flat cars, then hauled into a

rough lumber building. It is there cut up by the natives. The



Photo by C. S. Hodgson

WHALES AT DURBAN, OCT. 12, 1911

great chunks of blubber are boiled down for the oil that they contain. The whale bones which are valuable are shipped to France and other countries. Most of the parts are used by manufacturers for different preparations very little being wasted except the blood, which flows down an iron flume. The African Whaling company is coining money with this profitable industry. Some days there have been as many as four whales captured and slaughtered. The question arises, with the casual observer, how long will the business last at the rate they are being taken from the ocean. Whales will be termed by future generations a myth of past ages. In the future when we see the passengers rushing to the side of the vessel, trembling with excitement to see the whales in mid-ocean, I am afraid our curiosity will no more be satisfied, unless we can see them alive in an immense glass tank.

The enterprising company has fourteen launches constantly ready for duty. Just outside of the bay is the favor-

ite nesting place for the whales, which accounts for the location of the industry at this place.



Photo by C. S. Hodgson

A WHALE AT DURBAN

Notice the size compared with the door of the building.

The climate here, though considered healthy, is very hot during the summer months, which generally begin in October and end in March. Fruit is plentiful the year around, large quantities being exported from Durban and Natal. For varieties rich and some rare, we have the orange, mango, rose-apple, pine-apple, banana, custard apple, papau, guava, grenadella, loguat, shaddock; passion fruit, naartze, and avocado pears, a collection grown in one state that is hard to beat. There are several large packing houses which have made a wide reputation in manufacturing choice jams, jelly and marmalade. Sugar cane, fibre, tea, and coffee are also being raised with success in Natal, and Durban is the natural clearing house for all these products.

Durban is the coast terminus of the Natal railway system, and boasts of the only harbor of any importance between Port Elizabeth and Delagoa bay.

WOODSTOCK, C. C., AFRICA

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NEW MISSION HOUSE, BERGEN, NORWAY

Cost Kr.50,000 (\$13,500); purchased April 16, dedicated April 27, 1912; size, 35½ x68 feet; capacity of hall, 450; store room in the rear, 16x20 feet, and office rooms and smaller apartments on ground floor; rear yard 36x68 feet; building of brick and cement is located nearly in center of city, Kong Oscar's Gade No. 44.

# An Intimate View of the "Mormons"

BY CHARLES J. DIXON.

[The following description of a Religion Class service in the afternoon sacrament meeting of one of our wards of the Latter-day Saints in Arizona, is contributed by a traveler who incidentally visited the church. He states in a letter to the editors of the ERA that he was asked to write an article on this subject for an eastern magazine, and sent this one which was returned to him without comment. He thinks perhaps it was because the account seemed too partial to the "Mormons," "but," he says, "I wrote exactly as I saw and have experienced. I am a friend of the 'square deal,' and I do not think the articles which have been appearing in some magazines have dealt fairly with the 'Mormons.'"—EDITORS.]

In an article such as I will attempt to write, the reader should know something of the writer, so as to be able to judge the value of the statements which are made. If the writer has a bias, either for or against, his words must be very convincing to have much weight. With any reader who wishes to do justice both to the accuser and the defendant, I therefore make this statement in regard to myself to show my lack of natural prejudice in favor of the people of whom I am going to say a few words in defense and justification.

I was born in New England, of old Puritan stock. Not only was I born there, but my grandfathers and grandmothers also were, for some generations back. My father was a Congregational minister and I attended the Congregational church until I went to boarding school in Concord, New Hampshire. The school may be known to the reader, "Saint Paul's School." It is known as a "Church School." Most of the teachers were Priests of the Episcopal church. I became interested in the service of the church and was eventually confirmed and became a full fledged communicant. I am still a strong "church-man," and am a member of the Vestry in the beautiful little city of Monrovia, California, where my wife and children live and to which "haven of the blest" I return as often as my duties permit.



I am a traveling salesman—a "drummer"—and have been one for about twenty years. For the past eight or ten years I have been selling goods in Arizona and New Mexico, and have met and known, more or less intimately, many "Mormons." For the past few months, there have appeared in various magazines, articles on the "Mormons," all more or less virulent and abusive; all attacks, open or veiled, with few, if any, words of commendation, or mention even, of their many virtues. These articles touch mostly on the political aspect of the question, of which I know little; they deal of conditions in Utah mainly, but they broadly include Arizona "Mormons" also, making statements which I know to be untrue, at least among the "Mormons" that I have come in contact with. One statement which has been repeated over and over again, is that the "'Mormons' are clannish—are of no general benefit to a community—that they will buy of none but 'Mormon' merchants—and that the merchants will buy of none but wholesalers of their own faith."

I have been selling goods to "Mormon" merchants for about ten years. I sell goods for a "Gentile" or non-"Mormon" firm, and never have I been asked by a "Mormon" merchant if the wholesale house that I represent was "Mormon" or "Gentile." I have shown my samples, sold goods where the quality and price pleased, and have always been treated with courtesy and kindness, which has not always been the case with merchants of other faiths. I will also say in this connection that as far as I know, not one dollar has ever been lost by the firm which I represent through selling goods to the "Mormons." The statement therefore that "Mormon" merchants buy from "Mormon" wholesalers exclusively, is, I personally know, untrue.

I visit, every ninety days, a little town where every merchant but one is a "Mormon;" the entire settlement surrounding this town is "Mormon," yet this one non-"Mormon" merchant does as thriving a business as his neighbors, and all by and through "Mormon" patronage. I have talked to many "Mormons" and non-"Mormons," and the former, especially among the younger men and women, have freely expressed themselves as being glad that plural marriage is no longer one of the tenets of their religion.

The non-"Mormons" have all talked freely about such matters and have told me that the law, as far as they know, is being

kept, and that no polygamous marriages are here being entered into. They say that where there is more than one wife the head of the family supports them all equally well, but that he lives with only one in the marriage relation.

What is done in Salt Lake I do not know, I only speak of the part of the country in which I travel, but the articles I have referred to have included all "Mormons" in one sweeping series of charges and denunciations. As to these people being of no use to the communities in which they live, I will say it has come to such a pass that wherever I see a well-kept home, a good barn, well-tilled land, and an exceptional field of grain, I always ask: "Does not this place belong to a 'Mormon?'" and almost always the answer is in the affirmative. The "Mormons," at least by example, are doing good; their farms are well worked and carefully tended; their houses and out-buildings are neat; their fences kept in good repair. Another good feature of their communities is that rarely is there seen a saloon in any of them, and wherever one is found it is there against their wish and is never patronized by them. The "Mormon" is a sober, temperate man, using liquor, if at all, only as a medicine, and then only very rarely.

In one little community which I visit often there were seven saloons, and a few months ago some of the best people of the town, all non-"Mormons," instituted a campaign against them. I was there a few days before the day appointed for trying the case before the tribunal of the people, and one of the leaders of the whiskey element was talking. He said, "If it was not for the 'Mormons' the town would go wet by a large majority, but every d—— 'Mormon' will vote for a dry town." When the result of the election was made known, the vote was found in favor of temperance. The wet and dry votes among the "Gentiles" were so evenly divided that the fourteen "Mormon" votes, which were solidly for "no saloons," decided the election which went "dry" by nine votes.

A few Sundays ago I was at Thatcher, a little "Mormon" town in Arizona, and attended the "Mormon" church service for the first time. I wanted to see for myself how the services were conducted. I asked a "Mormon" if I would be permitted to attend, and he said, "Sure, and welcome." By the way, the arrangement of the services were such that they could be imitated

to good advantage by other denominations. The Sunday School meets at ten a. m., and to this service practically all children go except the infants and very young. Young men and maidens all attend, and the classes are conducted by the older brothers and sisters of the pupils. There are classes for the older ones who are not needed as teachers, and one or two older men and women attend; but the morning services are mainly for the children and unmarried. At twelve, all retire to their homes and eat their noon meal, and at two o'clock comes the principal services of the day. At this service all attend; no woman has to stay at home to cook dinner. The fathers, the mothers, the children, the old and the young are all there. This was the service that I attended.

The church was full to over-flowing, but I, the stranger, was given a good seat. I looked around at the congregation. There was no staring at me; if any curiosity was felt there was no evidence of it. Everyone was neatly dressed; one could not tell from the clothes worn by the worshipers whether the wearer was poor or rich. There was no loud dressing; every man wore clean linen, well-blackened shoes, and neatly brushed clothes. The faces were, almost without exception, rosy with health and contentment. Happiness seemed to reign supreme. One thing I especially noticed. In the arms of almost every woman in the congregation was a babe, and every nursling was fed by its mother, quietly, frankly, but with great modesty, whenever it made its wants known.

The service which I attended was an especially interesting one. It was a memorial service for Brother Maeser, evidently a well-known and lovingly remembered man and teacher. I learned, as the services went on, that he had started "The Religion Class," now a well known institution of their services. He died a few years ago, but his memory is kept green, and the work which he instituted, and to which he gave his life, still goes on.

The service was opened by the reading of a psalm. The reader was an elderly man, who read with great feeling the beautiful words of David. After the reading he closed the book and reverently bowed his head for a moment, and then left the reading desk. Another man, somewhat younger, then made a prayer; he asked a blessing on all. It was a general prayer—non-sectarian—and with equal propriety could have been made by any devout Christian brother of anyone of the various denominations of the non-"Mormons." After the prayer another took his place.

This time it was a woman—a beautiful, middle-aged, sweet-faced woman. She gave out a hymn, and it was sung by all standing except a few mothers who found standing, with a sturdy youngster in their arms, too much for them. After the singing there was a short pause, and then from the congregation, one from either side of the church, came two young men. They met at the desk and then went to the left of the platform and lifted with careful, reverent hands a white linen cloth from six silver bread plates. Then from the congregation came six boys, ranging in age from (I should say) ten to fifteen years.

Each took a plate of bread, after one of the young men had said a few words of blessing over them. Each and every boy entered into the spirit of the service. How much better, I thought, was it, that these little boys should each have their part in the service than to be compelled to sit quiet and bored on a hard seat all through a long session. The little boys then came down through the church, each bearing a plate of bread. Everyone took a piece and ate it with reverence; the little nursing mothers took two pieces each, and after eating one gave the other to their babies. Children of four and five years old helped themselves daintily and reverently and ate their morsels with bowed heads. The communion was free. I was offered the bread as freely as the members themselves. I did not take part; I was there to observe only. After all were served, the boys returned to the platform and deposited their plates on the table or altar from whence they were taken. They then sat on a seat on the platform, and one boy, the smallest, served the other five, and was served in turn himself by the young man who said the blessing over the bread. He in turn served the other young man, who then took the plate and served him. Then the two young men lifted a linen cloth from a table on the other side of the reading desk, and there were twelve vessels—six pitchers and six cups. The second young man said a blessing over these, and then the boys took each a pitcher and a cup, and served the contents to the congregation as they had the bread. The liquid looked like water, but I supposed it was white wine. I learned, however, later that it was water.

After the celebration of the communion all returned to their places. Another man then came to the desk and requested that all the teachers and workers of the religion class should take



places on the platform. They came up, almost all young men and girls, but also several boys of fourteen or fifteen years of age and several little girls. Among them were also three older persons—one man and two women. One of these women said a few words about Brother Maeser, in whose memory the service to follow was to be given. She spoke of his kindness, his faithfulness and zeal; how for years he worked for the upbuilding of the religion classes; suffering all kinds of hardships going from place to place, often walking, and going without even the necessities of life in his self-denying duties. She told several stories to show how kind and good he was, and said that everyone who knew him loved him and sorrowed at his death.

She then asked for volunteer experiences in regard to him, and there were several—one from a little girl of about fifteen years. She spoke with sweet tremulous voice, but her spirit was strong and sustained her. She told of a few words her loved teacher had spoken to her and with gratitude of the help the class had been to her.

The elderly woman then called on Miss L.—to open the regular program. The young lady came from her seat; she was neatly dressed; her face glowed with modest sweetness; her voice was low but clear; her whole air and appearance could be described as sweet. She was not exactly pretty, but she was almost beautiful, and the beauty was of soul and spirit. Her cheeks glowed with health and perhaps a little timidity, but she was convinced that what she was to do was her duty and her privilege, and she went through it modestly but proudly. She commenced as follows:

"The Religion Class is for children, the little children and grown children, all children, and I want you all today, young and old, to forget your years and be all children alike. Jesus of Nazareth loved everyone, especially the children, and I would like some child, young or old, to tell me what he said to his disciples when they were rebuking the children for crowding around him." Several arose, and she picked out the youngest, a little girl, and asked her to tell. The child hung her head for a moment, and then taking courage, said: "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." Then the young lady resuming, went on. "I am going to make you a little talk today, and I want you to guess the subject of it as I go along. On my father's ranch there were many cows, and one day a cow which had a calf died, and the little animal grew up as best he

could without his mother's care. We children fed him milk and did what we could for him, but when he was a year old and able to take care of himself, his appearance was not like the other yearlings, and I want some child to tell me what his appearance was and what we would call him." No one answered for a few minutes, and then a young man said, "He was not well nourished, he was a scrub." "That's it," said the young lady, "he did not have a fair chance, and was a scrub. My subject today is 'The Scrub,' and my advice is, don't be a scrub, but if you are one, don't stay one. I once knew two boys; they went to school with me. One was tall, fine-looking and bright; the other was almost the reverse. The first had a nickname; it was 'Pretty Boy,' and he deserved it, he was always neat and well dressed. The other also had a name; it was 'Scrub,' and at first he deserved that, too. He had no mother and came to school without the loving care that the other enjoyed. But as time went on, emulation and observation caused a change, and he was at last as neat and nice as anyone, and instead of being at the foot of the class he was well up toward the head. 'Pretty Boy,' the first year was at the head of all his classes, but as the years went on, the 'Scrub' passed him, and when the last year of school came, it was not 'Pretty Boy,' who took the prizes and honors, it was the 'Scrub'—a scrub no longer, but the pride of the school. In after life I have watched these boys grow up; one is prosperous, the happy father of several lovely children, and the husband of a sweet and happy wife. He has always done the best he could, and everyone loves and respects him. Of 'Pretty Boy,' I will only say, his wife takes in washing, and his children are hungry-looking and often thinly clad in winter. These two boys have changed places, and the 'Pretty Boy' is now the 'Scrub.' Now, children, young and old, if you are scrubs, don't stay scrubs; there is no need of it, it all rests with yourselves.

"I want to tell you, children, one and all, about my dear mother, now gone to her reward in heaven. If I am not a scrub today I have her to thank mainly for it; she was always kind and generous, always charitable in thought and deed to all. One day my father and brothers brought some new potatoes to the house and asked mother and me to wash and arrange them in ten pound baskets. These were to be sent to a nearby mining town and were expected to bring a fancy price, as they were the first of the season. There were about three bushels, and we washed and wiped them. I started to put the little ones in the bottom of the baskets, and then the larger ones on the top. Mother watched me as I arranged a basket, and then she said, 'No, dear, not that way, that is not quite honest; we won't try to take advantage of anyone.' So she put them in just as they came, as many small ones as large ones, and I remember how I blushed and felt ashamed of my first action and my almost unconscious desire to over-reach. That was only one of the ways that my dear, loving mother helped me and prevented my growing up to be a scrub."

She ended, bowed, smiled, and returned to her seat, and I hope, Miss L——, you will be as happy in this life as you seem to deserve to be.

Then a young man in the early twenties gave us a talk. He said:

"I am going farther than Miss L—— and tell you not only not to be a scrub, but to be kings and queens. I can't talk long, so I will only talk about the kings, and I want every child to be a king, a king among men. My father was one, and I want to tell you how I first became aware of that fact. We had a neighbor on the south, when I was a lad, and many mutual acts of kindness made us feel that we and his family were neighbors indeed. Finally, one day, his cattle got among some young grain of ours. His boy drove them out as soon as they were observed, and he came over and expressed his sorrow and offered to pay for the damage. 'No,' said father, 'It was an accident, but I think as we both have cattle now, and growing crops, we ought to build a fence between the two farms. Let us buy posts and wire in partnership and put up a line fence together, and so save us the trouble of looking after each other's cattle.' This was agreed to, and the wire and posts came and were placed on the ground. Father and the neighbor happened at this time both to be called from home, and a man who was working for us, and our neighbor's oldest son, were left to put up the fence. When father came back, he inspected the fence, and was pleased with the work. The next day our hired man came rushing in and said that neighbor S—— had torn the fence down. He said it was two feet over on his land, and is putting it up again two feet over on our land. 'How do you know,' said father, 'that he is not right?' 'Why,' said the man, 'his son and I carefully measured it, and I gave him the benefit of four inches so as to be sure and take nothing that did not belong to us.' 'That was right,' said father, 'and he has treated us badly, to act as he is doing.' He started toward that part of the farm, but after going a few steps, turned and came back, and said, 'I was going to be hasty and unneighborly. Let him put it up, and in a few days he may think better of his action and redress the wrong himself. He has always been a kind neighbor, in sickness and health, and his only fault is in being a little hasty.' So the days wore on: I think our neighbor was surprised that no notice was apparently taken of his action. So one day he came in and said to father, 'Well, I moved the fence over two feet.' 'Yes,' said father, 'I suppose you measured the ground and found that my man and your son had made a mistake.' 'Yes,' said our neighbor, 'they had the fence two feet over on my land.' 'Let us go and measure it now,' said father. 'All right,' said Mr. S——. So they went and found, to the deep mortification of one of them at least, that the fence was now almost two feet and a half over on our land. Our neighbor apologized

most humbly, and said that he and his boy would the next day put it over again six inches south of the original place. 'No,' said father, 'we will do it together. We are neighbors and friends, and I want to apologize for feeling hurt and angry at your moving the fence before without consulting me. I controlled my feelings, happily, but I had them, and I want to say that I am sorry.' Mr. S—— was not an emotional or talkative man, but tears came in his eyes, and he grasped fathers' hand, and said, 'You certainly are a good neighbor and a king among men.' Now boys, you can all be kings among men, and I want you all to commence today."

Several others spoke. I cannot give the meeting full justice, but it lasted over two hours, and when it was finished I could not believe that it was more than an hour, the time had passed so quickly, and I had been so much interested. When I go to other churches, see the sparsely scattered congregations, composed almost entirely of women, with some few bored, tired children listening to an uninteresting, impersonal service, I shall think of that interesting, impressive service, and the bright faces of young as well as old. If they were bad people, such a service as I saw that Sunday afternoon must all have been acting, and I know it was not—it was too earnest and simple to be anything but real. When I read articles about the wickedness of these people, I cannot but think that they are written by prejudiced individuals who have, I hope, not had as good an opportunity as I have had to judge them fairly.

TRINADAE, COL.

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### Custom

A man walking up the street in Salt Lake City recently was witness to the truth that the smoker has little respect for any person or thing but his smoke. A young man, well dressed, was passing down the walk by the side of a young lady, conversing with her. As they passed our informant, the young man pulled out his can of tobacco and proceeded to make his cigarette, as he walked down the Main Street by the side of the lady. There was no remark from any one, for the scene is common, but think of the idea of walking down Main Street by the side of a well-dressed lady and pulling out a ham sandwich from your pocket, or an apple, and proceeding to masticate it.



## A New Mission Field

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BY ELDER H. R. WOOLLEY

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We are four elders working in Zeeland, the island part of the Netherlands-Belgium mission. This district is composed of a group of eight islands lying at the mouth of the Schelde river, between the mainland of Holland and the British Isles, at the entrance to the English Channel. We are the first elders to labor in these islands, the first town, Middleburg, having been opened up some six months ago by Elders White and Taylor.

We are meeting with success, having baptized six persons recently. We have twenty-five families who are investigating. The people as a rule are very religious, especially the peasantry; and, being great readers of the Bible, they are able to quote almost any text brought up.

The people of Vlissingen (Flushing in English) are an exception to the general rule of people in Holland. A large percent of them are unbelievers, both in God and the Bible. The ministers of the town of Middleburg are opposing our work with all their power. They have distributed books gratis in the entire town and surrounding country warning the people to have nothing to do with us, and setting forth the same falsehoods that our elders have had to meet since they came to this land. This makes the more ignorant class fear us. They would take the word of the priests rather than the word of God, as set forth in the Bible. We have given the ministers a number of Books of Mormon, so that they may gain a little light on what they pretend to preach.

The people here are primitive, both in dress and in the use of household utensils and implements on the farm. On Thursday, which is market day, may be seen the strangest and most unique gathering of people in Holland and perhaps in all Europe. The little girls wear long, black dresses, and the little boys are dressed in long trousers of the barn-door fashion. The men and women are dressed much like the children. The women wear long, black dresses with a sort of white yoke extending from the

shoulders to the waist, in front and on the back. They all wear hoods or bonnets of a very curious make; some look like large white butterflies in flight, while others fit close to the head like



the American baby's hood. The majority of the boers or farmers in the surrounding country bring their produce to Middleburg to sell. Most of these come to the public market on Thursday, hence the unique sights. Books have been written on the cleanliness of this strange and interesting people, and much more could be said about their good qualities as well as their peculiarities if time and space would permit. The elders here are in good health and enjoy their labors exceedingly.

The photo shows, left to right: W. R. Taylor, Burley, Idaho; J. E. Ostler, Salt Lake City, laboring in Flushing; H. R. Woolley, Centerville, Utah; and F. E. White, Portland, Oregon, laboring in Middleburg.

We all enjoy reading the ERA and look forward to the 12th of each month, when it generally arrives here. We hope it will continue as interesting and instructive in the future as in the past. We wish you success in all your labors.

MIDDLEBURG, HOLLAND.

### Questionable Goodness

It is a custom among the Indians to say no bad word of the dead. An observer relates that once in a southern county in Utah the Indians were sitting silently about a campfire discussing a recently dead companion. Evidently their friend who had died was one of the kind about whom it is very difficult to say much good. There was complete silence for a long time, not one of them being able to conjure up in his mind what good could be said of the departed. Finally one broke the silence: "He good smoker." That was the only thing that could be said of him.

# The Use of Nicotine

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BY ELMER G. PETERSON, A. M., PH. D., DEPARTMENT OF BACTERIOLOGY  
AND PHYSIOLOGY, UTAH AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

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Smoking is objected to for social, religious and physiological reasons. There is room for difference of opinion in regard to the social evil of smoking. I recall in this connection an incident which impresses me with this fact. I had just heard the statement of President Jacob Gould Schurman, of Cornell, to two thousand undergraduates, that he hoped the day would come in Cornell University when the cigarette smoker would be an object of as much curiosity and questioning as the person who does not smoke is today. President Schurman was passing his opinion, probably on the prevalence of the habit, on the statement alleged to have been recently made that every undergraduate in a certain eastern university smoked cigarettes. A person who heard this statement doubted it, and is alleged to have conducted an investigation. He stood on the steps of the main building and watched the students as they came out. He announced a little later that as a result of a rather extended survey of the situation extended over a period of days, he was prepared to refute the accusation against the university—he had noticed two men who did not smoke!

I had also read the statement of Andrew D. White, and had seen many times the aged gentleman, well beyond his allotted three score and ten years but still virile and dominated by an inflexible will, a will which has made its impression in a quiet unobtrusive way upon a nation. I had read his statement that he had never known a student who smoked cigarettes who did not disappoint expectations. He states:

I have watched this class of men for thirty years, and cannot recall an exception to this rule. Cigarette smoking serves not only to weaken a young man's body, but undermine his will, weakening his ambition. In colleges having a large percentage of these futile personages they often set the fashion, a fashion of over-expenditure and carelessness as to the real aim and glory of college life.

I then had the exceptional good fortune to ride between two cities in the same car with one of England's most eminent statesmen, the Hon. James Bryce, and in a journey of over a hundred miles, his pipe very seldom left his lips.

So it is conceded that there are two sides to the question of smoking from a social standpoint, although it seems entirely probable that the arguments on the merits of the case, using this as a basis, is fallacious.

It is true that from olden times up to the present the person's conception of personal liberty is gradually decreasing, and his conception of social duty is increasing. It is conceivable that the edicts of law may ultimately extend to cover the nicotine habit. This, in fact, is true in many localities. The time was when people maintained that they had a perfect right to use any drug in any form; consequently, the smoking of opium, the morphine habit, and alcoholism, were prevalent much more so than they are today. However, laws have gradually been enforced to cover the use of these drugs. Now it is only an outcast socially who uses opium and morphine, and the same statement will undoubtedly be true in a very few years of the alcohol habit. We can all recall the time when there was violent opposition to the enforcement of prohibition laws, but this is gradually decreasing, and very many sane men maintain that it is a legitimate function of government to regulate the sale of alcohol in one form or another. Tobacco is not essentially different.

Here we have merely a statement of facts which must appeal to the intelligent person. And the fallacy of argument by example falls down in the face of the preponderant testimony of science. Students who properly appreciate this situation must overcome this first fallacy, in regard to the use of the drug, and base their reasonable opinion upon facts.

There is taken into the body various groups of substances, what are called food-stuffs, such as water, inorganic salts, proteins, albuminoids, carbohydrates, and fats. These all either supply a substance absolutely necessary to the normal composition of the body, or a substance which may yield energy, heat for example, or a substance which furnishes material for the production of living tissue. The complete withdrawal of any of these constituents would ultimately cause death to the organism. There are acces-



sory articles which are not foods, variously classed as flavors, condiments, stimulants, such things as pepper, mustard, and among the stimulants alcohol, tea, coffee. In addition to these there is a group of substances called narcotics. The stimulants are substances which produce a feeling of increased vigor; the narcotics are substances which produce partial or complete insensibility. The narcotics include opium, morphine, chloral, cocaine, and tobacco. These have their medicinal value, only, however, when administered to weak and suffering persons by a cautious physician. They are then used only for a time to tide over a physical emergency. They are used always as the choice of the lesser evil, because all of their future effects are disastrous, yet these effects are not so injurious as the conditions present which they correct. A person in extreme pain causing sleeplessness would be injured more by the sleeplessness than through the administration of the drug which dulls pain. There must, however, even in this case, be exercised extreme caution, and their chronic use avoided under whatever pretext. Many people become chronic users of these drugs by unwise administering of physicians. In such cases headache, nervous depression, and exhaustion, constipation, weakness of the heart and blood vessels, which always follow their continued use, may easily become so serious that the original trouble seems trivial in comparison. The body is in a truly tragic condition when it demands these drugs. These more dangerous narcotics have been regulated by law, because their victims have run into so many thousands. It is a part of medicinal practice that the patient to whom is administered these drugs is kept unaware, through the wording of the prescription, that he is taking a drug.

It is a fact that tobacco is a much weaker drug than these other drugs mentioned, but nevertheless is essentially of the same nature, and its physiological effects may become quite pronounced. In smoking, the nicotine, which is volatilized by the heat, is condensed upon the surface of the mouth, or, in the case of inhalation, upon the throat and in the lung passages as well. In chewing, the drug is dissolved by the saliva and absorbed by the mouth membrane and taken into the blood. In snuff-taking, it is dissolved by the secretions of the nose. There is very little difference in the results of these habits. In addition to the direct action of nicotine, carbon monoxide, one of the most deadly of the gases, is gener-

ated by the low temperature of the burning tobacco and is responsible in many cases for the great weakness and deranged heart action, which confirmed smokers, especially of cigarettes, experience.

The use of nicotine forms a habit very autocratic in its nature. Its continued use leads to larger doses. I quote from the U. S. Dispensatory, a book of official and authoritative nature, in regard to the effects which may be produced:

The use of tobacco was adopted by the Spaniards from the American Indians. In the year 1560, it was introduced into France by the ambassador of that country at the court of Lisbon, whose name—Nicot—has been perpetuated in the generic title of the plant. Sir Walter Raleigh is said to have introduced the practice of smoking into England. In the various modes of smoking, chewing, and snuffing, the drug is now largely consumed in every country on the globe. It must have properties peculiarly adapted to the propensities of our nature, to have thus surmounted the first repugnance to its odor and taste, and to have come the passion of so many millions. When employed in excess, *it enfeebles the digestion, produces emaciation and general debility, and lays the foundation of serious nervous disorders.* The most common of these is undoubtedly disturbance of the innervation of the heart, with consequent palpitations and cardiac distress. Amaurosis and even color-blindness are occasionally produced, and even insanity has been ascribed to chronic tobacco poisoning. In many cases of "nervous break-down attributed to overwork," the excessive use of tobacco has certainly been an important etiological factor. In the form of snuff, tobacco is sometimes so much contaminated with lead, in consequence of being kept in leaden boxes, as to produce the poisonous effects of that metal. In different kinds of snuff Dr. A. Vogel found from .014 per cent to .025 per cent of lead.

It may be stated, in conclusion, that the use of this drug places before the student of immature years a question to be settled. Will he or will he not use a drug which will ultimately injure his efficiency? Probably no more illuminating statement can be made than that of President Eliot, a man of great soundness of judgment, broadness of conception, and a man illustrating probably the highest type of citizenship, at once aggressive, wonderfully evenly-balanced mentally, and conservative, "that he attributes his great virility in old age to the fact that among other things, he has totally abstained from subjecting himself to the use of stimulants or narcotics in any form whatever."

The Assistant Professor of physiology and hygiene in Harvard University states:

The injury which the use of tobacco causes varies greatly with individuals. This holds true, however, only of those who have passed the developing period. During youth all are highly susceptible. The poison of tobacco is especially injurious to the developing system, the heart, the blood vessels, the lungs and stomach. It not only tends to interfere with their normal growth, but exerts an irritating, then a paralyzing, influence upon their function. As a result, the boy who smokes is apt to be stunted in growth, nervous and lazy. He is poor in his studies, and of little use in athletics. He is indifferent to the wholesome ambitions of boyhood, and tends to seek the companionship of those who, like himself, are principally occupied in trying to have a good time in a rather questionable way. In short, he is taking the quickest and surest way of ruining his health and future prospects, and of cheating his children of their right to wholesome bodies and minds.

In the face of this and the physiological facts produced, there is only one judgment left to a sensible man.

LOGAN, UTAH.

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### On Cheerful Giving

Speaking to a congregation of young people not long ago, on this subject, Elder Heber J. Grant told a story of a kindergarten Sunday School teacher who brought ten beautiful, red apples to school with her one Sunday, to illustrate the principle of tithing. She asked the children, "Which of you, if given the ten apples, would be willing to return one to me?" All held up their hands as being willing.

Elder Grant then applied the idea by saying that some men proceed to eat the nine apples, then glance wistfully at the tenth, and finally cut it in half and return the one-half to the Lord. There are others who will not even do that, but hold up the last half pensively and say, "O Lord, take a bite."

# Little Problems of Married Life

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BY WILLIAM GEORGE JORDAN.

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## *XII—When the Children Come.*

Do you remember the spirited argument between the two Irish laborers on the subject of mortar, one asserting that the mortar held the bricks together, the other contending that it kept them apart? Children play this doubtful mortar role in the home; they may bring husband and wife into closer unity or they may gradually force them apart. With the advent of the children a new element enters the home. It is a new transforming power for better or for worse, but a factor that never leaves conditions unchanged.

When the anticipated joy of parenthood has become a reality and it brings to husband and wife only greater peace, truer companionship, only sweeter love and more delicate consideration as the weeks grow into months, strengthening with the flight of time, it is a home benediction, an ideal far above even the thought of problems. But this is truly rare, because every privilege in life carries with it a responsibility, every right a duty, every power a danger, every light a shadow, every gain a loss. It is the element of change, the enforced readjustment of the mutual dependence of husband and wife on each other that must be recognized.

The old freedom and finality of their whims and fancies is gone because every decision may now be overruled by the baby's veto. The pleasure of a little railway journey together, a night at the theater, a proposed social call, the comfort and comradeship of a read and a talk under the library lamp, the loving counsel and confidence after dinner, may all be sacrificed in a moment by the opposing cry of protest from the autocrat of the nursery.

The husband may begin to grow restless under the new regime. The novelty of paternity may begin to lose a little of its charm and his heart hunger for the old singleness of companionship. He may begin to feel he is being gradually pushed aside

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and supplanted and a latent rebellious feeling of jealousy stirs him. He cannot quite put it into words, even if he would. The heart is more subtle and sensitive than the head and is often pained beyond the power of clumsy words to express. He may try to laugh at his foolish rebellion, but the laugh is not very merry, nor does its note ring true. He feels the loneliness of unshared pleasures, the isolation of unspoken confidences. He grows hungry for the old allness of importance; he wants the little tendernesses, the graceful attentions, the smiles of sweetness, the little nothings that make up the all of loving. And in his failure to get he may foolishly forget to give.

He may thoughtlessly accept an invitation for some evening entertainment, and later find that his baby forbids his wife to accompany him. This first time he may loyally forego the pleasure rather than go alone. But subsequent invitations puts his resistance to sleep and finally he surrenders, perhaps saying he can do no real good by staying at home. Then he may remember that he has not been to his club or the theater for a long time, and this opens to him a change of scene. He may in his heart and speech honestly revolt at the enslavement of the mother to her child and feel helpless in facing a condition he cannot change.

He may even grow irritated at the crying of the child and feel that the mother should somehow manage to keep it quiet, as if the child were a mechanical music-box where you merely had to touch a certain spring to shut off the sound. He may find that his rest at night is disturbed and selfishly go off to another room to sleep, forgetting that the tired mother may then be left with the sole burden of soothing the fretful little one to dreamland. Even if a nurse relieves the mother of much of her responsibility the problem is merely modified, not solved. It is not that his paternal love is lessening, but he is still seeking to hold to an elusive memory of an old, sweet companionship that somehow seems slipping away.

The mother, absorbed and concentrated in the loving care of her child, which has become so nearly all her world, may let motherhood eclipse the tenderness of wifehood. She may some day wake to realize with a strange, sudden tightening of her heart that she is missing certain customary graceful attentions and caresses—the small coin of love—that the good-bye kiss in the morning is forgotten or become perfunctory, and finds many other

little beads of attention missing that but a short time ago made bright spots on the golden thread of her daily living.

She may miss the old conferences and confidences and feel in a vague way that it is all his fault, thoroughly unconscious that, on repeated recent occasions when he had told her little cares and worries as of old, tried to win her enthusiasm to some new plan of his, or some new dream of ambition, she had only half-heard, her interest was slight, her sympathy unexpressed. Her thought wandered as she waited for a pause and side-tracked his confidence with the latest instance of the marvellous intellectuality of the baby. She may not realize that the child that began as a real reason for dropping familiar customs and sweet habits, is now but an excuse.

If their past life together were not always roses and sunshine, they may have made up their little misunderstandings, smoothed over difficulties, and let new love and kindness take out the pain of a memory. But now the child may become a refuge to the mother. Concentrating upon it all her love, she bears stolidly a coldness that otherwise she would seek to remove, sits in the shadow of her dignity when but a word would bring peace and sweetness, while the husband, playing his poor counter-role, draws more closely around him his robes of sackcloth and ashes. And they both think things about each other, not edited for publication, and they just become sulkily reticent and selfish with speech, and they will not talk.

When the child begins to escape from babyhood, and the mother begins her siege of morning talks on the necessity of moving away from the city, so they can get good country air for the child, though he may murmur something about there "being cases on record where children were actually brought up in the city and lived through it," he may finally capitulate. But there is a resentment that cannot be stifled that his comfort and ease might have at least standing-room on the floor of discussion; he hates the suburbs, he does not relish an hour's railroad ride night and morning—but at least, finding opposition wearying, he succumbs, buys a monthly ticket and becomes a commuter.

When the children come these problems have to be met and worked out by both; neither can do all. The husband must make "allowances," manifest new tenderness, watchfulness, considera-

tion, thoughtfulness, forbearance and self-denial; he should not take himself and his grievances too seriously. He must take broader views and throw away the microscope with which he is studying the wounds of neglect inflicted on his vanity. If he wishes the home life to move along as it did of old, despite the temporary shadow the light of the new joy may cast, he should do more than his share towards keeping up all the traditions of the old sentiments.

He should, so far as he possibly can, relieve the mother of the mere drudgery and added care of her new responsibilities, so that the close lines of the old comradeship may never be broken. A rose, or some trifling gift that means nothing but the thought it messages, may bring instinctively the smile, the glad look, the love-light in the eyes, which he so misses, and in the rewinning he may find new happiness that will never come to his sulky demanding as a right.

To the wife may come the need of care to prevent the child even temporarily eclipsing the husband. As her mind glows under the inspiring dreams of the child's future, and in fancy a twenty-year's panorama of its growth and progress unrolls before her, she must watch that she does not lose that close, telepathic kinship of mind and heart with her husband, so much more easily lost than regained. It merely requires a wise sense of values, seeing life and its relations in true perspective, a little sterling common sense united with love—then the coming of the children will mean only new joy and truer companionship to both.

In the true spirit of acceptance of changed conditions they will waken to the completeness and consecration of the larger life with the children, the new inspiration, the new, sweeter dependence on each other, the new, broader vision of united usefulness, and they will be dearer and nearer to each other because the children are dearer to them, and the rooms echoing with the laughter and romping of the little ones will seem to them filled only with music.

("Talking Home Matters Outside," will be discussed in the next article in this series.)

# Conjoint Sessions of the Seventeenth Annual M. I. A. Conference

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[At the M. I. A. conference, Sunday morning, June 9, a model preliminary program was presented under the direction of the General Boards. It was completed within three minutes of the time allotted—a remarkable showing when the deliberation incident to speaking in a large hall and to a large congregation is considered. The outline, remarks and stories follow.—EDITORS.]

1. Purpose and Method (13 minutes).....Edward H. Anderson
2. Faith-promoting Topics:
  - (a) A Re-told Story (5 minutes).....Clarissa A. Beesley
  - (b) Vocal Duet, "The Lord is My Shepherd" (Smart)  
(8 minutes) .....Margaret Summerhays and Melvin Peterson
  - (c) Personal Experiences (7 minutes).....Dr. George H. Brimhall

## PURPOSE AND METHOD OF PRELIMINARY PROGRAMS

BY EDWARD H. ANDERSON

I have been given fifteen minutes of the time in this suggestive or model preliminary program to explain the purpose and method of preliminary programs in our Mutual Improvement Associations. Our present program is intended to be a demonstration.

The object or purpose of the preliminary program in our Mutual Improvement Associations is,

*First*, To enliven the evening with matter which is of a lighter character than the regular class work, and,

*Second*, To give the members of the association an opportunity for expression in different lines.

The preliminary program is an important part of the meeting. It should be made lively, attractive, and interesting. The program should be the drawing card for new members, and a pleasant diversion for such young people as are not so easily attracted by the heavier matter of the regular lessons to follow. It should be the pleasant entrance to the association for such young people as are later to become interested in the regular class study. It should be the work of the members themselves as far as possible. Here is a chance for the prospective reader, the singer, the speaker, the writer, the musician, the orator, and the story-teller to develop talent and to give public expression to their talents—development of talent as well as practice of speech.

You will notice that in today's preliminary program which we are presenting to you, the prayer and the singing is not counted in the time. This in order to give an opportunity for this little talk to you on "The Purpose and Method of Preliminary Programs;" but in the regular programs the singing and the prayer and the singing again, should be included in the thirty minutes allotted for preliminary programs in



the association. And mind you, the preliminary program must not exceed thirty minutes.

A word on the subject of singing. Such songs should be sung as are suitable to the general spirit of the work in hand. All who sing, and this applies as well to all others who take part in the program, should be present on the stand, with their accompanists and their music, where the singing is not congregational; and where it is congregational, the leader should have his musical selections chosen and the titles in the hands of the presiding officer, who should also have a written outline of the program from beginning to end. Begin promptly on the minute. The organization should be ready to join in the singing with zeal. The songs should be choice, and as far as possible, in my opinion, songs that express gospel sentiments.

A word on prayer, also. The bishop, high priest, or elder present, will be very glad to let the prayer be offered by one of the members of the association, either male or female. Don't request the good brother who always prays in meetings, to pray also in the Mutual. That is the place for the young man and the young woman to pray. Here is the opportunity for the president or the presiding officer to give the boy and the girl a chance to pray. Let the prayer be short and pointed. The person praying should be taught to ask for the things needed, there and then, and which are suitable under the conditions and the circumstances present. Ask the Father to grant us his Holy Spirit, to help those who take part in the exercises and to enlighten those who listen. Thank Him for the privilege of meeting, for the sweet and comfortable surroundings, for competent and enthusiastic officers, for the gospel, and the priesthood, and for all the blessings, temporal and spiritual, that we enjoy. If anyone shall suggest that the surroundings are not sweet and comfortable, in that case let us ask the Lord to help us to make them so. Take it for granted that a girl can open a meeting and that a boy can utter a prayer suitable for the occasion. Give them a chance. Teach them to try.

In regard to the method of conducting the preliminary program, this is a very important matter.

*First*, There should be joint, systematic planning by the officers of the two associations. They should meet, consult, and form their plans weeks ahead, and devote their best thought and attention to it. In case the officers themselves do not desire to form the program, let them assign the work to a joint committee, and then be careful that the committee do their work early, promptly and well. Call for reports from them, and remember, the officers are responsible for the work of the committee, and the committee for those who are assigned to do the work. Making the program is an easy task compared with the work of having it carried out.

*Second*, Be prepared, and save time. Those who speak, or sing, or play, or read, or give any exercises whatever, should be thoroughly prepared, and the presiding officer should know they are there and ready. Then, they should begin promptly and as promptly close. Have something to say, say it, and quit in the time allotted. No long stories, orations, condensations of novels, or other exercises should be begun,

unless what you have to say can be said within the allotted time to the minute. Long stories, singing and story-telling contests, orations, book reviews, debates, and other more extended exercises, should be given on the joint open nights which are specially instituted for these exercises. An example of an open night, joint program was given on Friday morning.

*Third*, Impress yourself, your officers, and members with the value of having a system, and of living up to it, let me repeat—living up to it.

Now as to the material or subject matter for preliminary programs. It should not be hap-hazard. There should be a skeleton, a framework to your study, a system and method in it. A general topic should be selected, then divided and treated in subdivisions. Topics may be taken up and finished in one, two, three, four or five meetings, as necessity may require. By so doing there will be a skeleton or backbone to work to, something definite will be accomplished. The exercises of the evening, as far as possible, should all bear upon the subject under consideration. The stake officers may prepare a uniform outline for the stake, or they may leave it with the ward officers, but there must be a plan.

We suggest here nine or ten general topics as follows:

1. Great musicians.
2. Manners and customs of nations.
3. Social conduct. This would include deportment on the street, in the home, in the ball-room, in the Church, in travel, in visiting, in business, in dining, in conversation, etc.
4. Stories of simple necessities. Under this head we might take up the history of such common things as matches, dishes, coal, washing-machines, knives and forks, spoons, etc.
5. Progress of electricity. Under this topic could be treated wireless telegraphy, the telephone, telegraph, street-cars, electric motors, lighting and heating, and electricity in the work of the home.
6. Faith-promoting topics. These could be stories illustrating the power of prayer, trust in God, providences of the Lord, and other topics of a similar nature, and these may be either original, being the personal experiences of the individual, or repeated. This is the topic that the singers and speakers following, today, will consider.
7. Modern songs and hymns. Their history, origin, and authors, and drills in them.
8. Current events. These, treated in the right way, may be made very interesting. The week's events of world significance, such as the political evolution of governments, the great daily political, educational, religious and scientific movements of the nations.
9. Pioneer incidents.

Let me take up one or two topics and by a little more extended illustration explain my meaning. As an example let us name

*American Poets* as the general topic to be considered for four or more evenings. The first evening we will take Longfellow. After the singing and prayer and singing, which need not occupy more than ten minutes, the first speaker will give a five-minute biography of the poet, the second recite the Psalm of Life; the third give a five-minute talk on

"Longfellow's Place among the World's Poets;" then three or four may be called upon for one-minute sentiments from his writings. The program, of course, may be varied with each poet, and the variations in treatment will show the ingenuity of the program committee, and will vary with the methods of treatment adopted.

*Manners and Customs of Nations.* A very interesting series of subjects might be prepared under this topic. Take China, Japan, India, England, Ireland, Wales, Scotland, Germany, Turkey, Norway, Denmark, Sweden, Spain, Italy, etc.

Our own country affords splendid examples of a variety of peoples and social customs—the Alaskans, the Hawaiians, the Porto Ricans, the Filipinos, and the variations in continental United States. Take any of these nations and peoples, and any number of very profitable and entertaining programs may be arranged on the usages, fashions, and practices of the inhabitants in their whole social life. Let us take Japan for one evening. Give one speaker a few minutes time to name some Japanese festivals and to describe one—another to describe a funeral,—another a marriage—another their form of worship, their street customs. Then let a missionary, or a native, dress in the garb of the country, and sing a national song, repeat a scripture passage, a prayer, or give a recitation. Let three or four spend a minute or two each to explain the people's manner of greeting, their salutations, the order of walking in public thoroughfares, their table manners, some peculiarity of custom in sleeping, eating, drinking, bathing, traveling, etc. Good points in their conduct should be emphasized, with a view to applying them to the betterment of our own lives and conduct.

No people on earth are more favorably situated than the Latter-day Saints to carry out such programs, for there is scarcely a settlement in our community that cannot produce of original inhabitants of from three to fourteen nationalities; and if these cannot be found, then these same settlements generally have returned missionaries from all parts of the globe who could speak the languages, sing the songs, recite or read the selections, or give the information wanted.

As a demonstration for today's program we have selected the subject, Faith-promoting Topics, and a member of the Board will proceed to relate a re-told story; a song, "The Lord is My Shepherd," will be given by other members; and a third will relate a personal experience, each occupying five minutes. The talk which I have given may be counted as the first part of our preliminary program which, under other circumstances, could be devoted to opening exercises, and the topic under consideration.

## A REMARKABLE DELIVERANCE—A RE-TOLD STORY

BY CLARISSA A. BEESLEY

On the 24th of July, 1853, thirteen elders of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints arrived in Calcutta, the capital of Hindostan. Among them was Richard Ballantyne. A conference was held. Elder Ballantyne with two companions was appointed to labor in the city of Madras. Some were to go to the River Ganges, to the

north, others to Bombay, others to Siam, and still others were to remain in Calcutta. It was the season of the southwestern simoons. They were then blowing violently across the Bay of Bengal, thus rendering the voyage to Madras exceedingly perilous.

Only two vessels could be found going to that port, one an English mail ship, the other a brig, *John Bordman*, Captain Scott commanding. In both instances they were met with an absolute refusal of permission to travel. Captain Scott's refusal was that they were "Mormons" of an unsavory reputation, and there were among his passengers two English ladies of high birth who must not be outraged by their presence. However, with the usual persistency of "Mormon" missionaries, they on five successive days visited him, but without success.

"Is there no price that will induce you to take us with you?" they asked.

"My price," replied the captain, "is 150 rupees, but," he added, "under no consideration will I take you with me."

The next morning, Elder Ballantyne awakened from his slumber as with a sudden inspiration, and said to his companion: "Let us go down and ask the captain once more, and let us do it in the name of the Lord." After arising they engaged in earnest prayer, and then for the sixth time approached the vessel. They found the captain engaged in conversation with a Parsee merchant who, as they approached, and after introduction, became at once interested in their work and in the gospel which they were promoting. The captain listened gravely to their request. Taking advantage of the favorable expression upon his face, Elder Ballantyne addressed him: "Captain Scott, we are very desirous of going on your boat to Madras. We have but little money. From that little we need ten rupees to purchase articles for the voyage, the balance we will give to you, and will promise you in the name of the Lord that if you will take us with you, you shall have a safe voyage."

The captain was silent a moment, and then said, "It is a bargain; I will take you."

That afternoon they drifted down the river ten miles, and anchored for the night. On the morrow they again set sail. During the forenoon they reached a point in the river where many ships had been sunk on the quicksands, as evidenced by masts and other wreckage on the bars that marked the narrow channel. As they were about to enter this channel they became suddenly aware that they were being confronted by a large three-mast vessel. It seemed that a collision was inevitable, and to founder by going upon the quicksands meant almost certain destruction.

The channel appeared altogether too narrow for both vessels. Excitement ensued! Orders were shouted, and in the midst of the confusion, Captain Scott rushed to the spot where Elder Ballantyne was standing and, shaking his clenched fist in his face, exclaimed angrily, "You promised me a safe voyage to Madras."

"Yes," rejoined the other, "and you shall have it."

"Impossible, we are already sinking," cried the captain.



"No, captain, we are not sinking, neither will we be," calmly replied Elder Ballantyne.

At this time the vessel was within a hundred feet of the other, but no sooner had the words of calm assurance been spoken than the big ship eased off and passed them within three feet.

The captain said nothing; but in the evening he approached the elders and asked for literature explaining their strange doctrine. The voyage to Madras was made in safety, and by the time that city was reached, a close bond of friendship had sprung up between Captain Scott and the "Mormon" missionaries.

## SAFETY IN PRAYER.

BY DR. GEORGE H. BRIMHALL.

I hope my Father in Heaven may bless me with the spirit of testimony. I sometimes think there is a tendency among our people to hesitate against giving experiences, lest their words should be misconstrued into a spirit of self-heroizing.

In my nineteenth year, I left my home in Spanish Fork to find work in Tintic. During the time I was there, I was given employment by a man who was a long-time friend of my father. They had worked together at Nauvoo and in the early times of the Church in these valleys. This man had fallen away from the faith, but not from his friendship to my father. He gave me employment on a prospect, and I worked, taking my turn in the shaft and at the windlass. He would come down and talk to me, and complimented me on the number of buckets I sent up during the shift, and finally we talked on religion. He was very catechetical, at first, finding out on what ground I stood. I had little more than the teaching of my father and my mother, and what I had read from the Book of Mormon. He gradually felt his way into my confidence, and began an argument to destroy my faith. He had practiced law. The second day, I found questions coming up in my mind. On the third day—and, by the way, I rested while he talked,—he invited me to ask questions—on the third day I found my intellect leaning his way, believing in him. He told me that my father and mother were honest; that what they had taught me was true, from their point of view, but that he had passed through it all, and he had found that he was mistaken, and that good, honest people were mistaken, too. And he led me up by his arguments to look from the pinnacle of his, which I afterwards found to be sophistry.

At that time I said to myself: "Is it possible that my father and my mother have been deceived?" I was believing the man. He had leaned me over towards him, and was just ready to put around me the arm of a condor and carry me away. My mother and my father, too, had taught me, "If you will be true and attend to your prayers, the Lord will come to you, if you ever get in a tight place;" and just at this juncture something said to my spirit, "If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God." I said no more at that time; but that night, after the mining camp work was completed, I got up from my couch and went into the grove of cedars. I thought, I must pray aloud tonight, and I asked the Lord for just what I wanted to know.

The next morning, I went to my work, and my employer came down into the shaft, just after dinner, and began his argument with a smile, expecting a victory; but instead of my leaning towards him, I was braced, and we had a battle royal.

He said, "Who has been stuffing you?"

I turned and bore my testimony to that man, and told him what I knew, and he trembled in my presence. That was not the boy, G. H. Brimhall, alone; it was the boy plus the Spirit of the Lord. That testimony was given to me on conditions. I hope to keep the conditions. It has never left me.

That man came to my father's home, years afterwards, broken physically, a mental imbecile, and financially penniless, and when I looked upon him I could but say, "How art the mighty fallen!" It was a revelation to me as to what that passage of scripture means, and what befalls those who are led away by the craftiness of men. So, I would have been led away by the craftiness of men, had I not known that there was a God, and that he could protect me, and that it was within my power to reach him.

I have had an experience this morning on the ground. A man came up to me, as I was talking with a lady. Said he, "When you have time, I should like to speak to you." I turned and gave him my attention in a moment or two, and he paid me a dividend on an investment that I had made so long ago that I had forgotten it. It made me happy, like good dividends always do.

He said, "I must tell you of a kindness you did for me, years ago, when I was a boy, a youngster, reckless, careless, and came to school, and you 'lined me up' on the cigarette habit. You handled me that day; you argued with me, and you won out: I quit. I have been called to preside over a stake of Zion."

I felt then like sending a message to all my sympathizers, those who love me, "What hath God wrought!" This is my dividend! one of the most glorious experiences of my life!

May the Lord bless you, my brethren and sisters. Be not afraid to stand up and bear your testimony to the world. You cannot heroize yourself, if you give the Lord the credit: my testimony, in the name of Jesus. Amen.

This closed the preliminary program, and the remainder of the time Sunday morning was occupied by songs and by Elder Thomas Hull and Sister Sarah Edgington of the General Boards.

## REMARKS

BY ELDER THOMAS HULL.

*My brethren and sisters:* I am not in the habit of saying, when called upon to speak, that the call was not expected. I have had some little experience in talking to the Saints, and therefore have overcome that thing. But this morning I must say that I am taken completely by surprise. I had no idea that I should be called upon to address you, and yet I may say that if the Lord will give me his Spirit, it will afford me the greatest pleasure to add my testimony to those borne to you today.

My heart at this moment is very full for the beautiful song ["The King of Eternity," solo by David Smith, Teton Stake] to which we have just listened. It impressed me more than any song I have heard for many a long day. Not so much the song, either, but the rich, beautiful voice of Brother Smith, accompanied by the sweet influence there was in it, and the fact that every word he sang could be distinctly heard and understood. And it peculiarly affected me, perhaps because, from that excellent enunciation of his, there came to my mind another voice, now silenced, which once was very dear to me, the chief characteristic of which, perhaps, were the soul and spirit and the enunciation.

Referring now to the spirit of the song, I want to say to my brethren and sisters here today, that during this conference I have had quite a lesson in the judging of meetings. We are apt to say at the close of a meeting, "What a splendid meeting we had," or, perhaps, sometimes we may feel that the meeting was not as successful, as it might be. But I want to give you one key by which you may judge as to whether a meeting has accomplished what it should have accomplished for you. If your heart is filled with joy and tenderness; if your heart, if I might use the expression, is filled with tears, and there is softness and gentleness throughout all your being, you can know that the Spirit of God has been in the meeting, that you have enjoyed it; and that spirit, that feeling has certainly attended all the meetings of this conference.

On Friday morning, who could have been in the meeting in the Assembly hall and not felt the sweet influence attendant there; and, the same was true, so far as the young men have been concerned, of their officers' meetings; and today surely the spirit of peace and love and of joy is in the midst of us.

It is indeed a blessed thing to be associated with the work of the Lord. It is a joy for you young people to have the privilege of associating in this great work, organized and established for the training of the youth of Israel in the testimony of Jesus, the spirit of prophecy, that you may obtain that power which will overcome all evil, enable you to withstand all temptation, and fill you with the Spirit of the Lord.

I was impressed at our last general conference with a thought while listening to Elder Ben E. Rich. He quoted the old familiar passage and incident in the life of Jesus, when he called his disciples together and asked them, "Whom do men say that I am?" And, as you remember, one said that he was this prophet, and another that he was that. And finally Jesus said, "But whom say ye that I am?" Peter, in his impetuous way, spoke up and said: "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." We often quote the answer of Jesus to Peter, and often it is remarked that when Jesus said, "Upon this rock will I build my Church," he meant the rock of revelation. But a new thought came to my mind at that time, in fact I think it was expressed by the speaker. Jesus said: "Blessed art thou, Simon Bar Jona, for flesh and blood hath not revealed this unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven. Thou art Peter, and upon this rock will I build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it"—upon the rock of testimony will he build his Church, the testimony of Jesus, the spirit of prophecy. And, indeed, in this day and age of the world, the Lord has

built his Church upon the testimony of the Saints of God, for they have gone forth, as Brother Brimhall has voiced—they have gone forth fearlessly into the world and testified of the truth. They have told the world, we know that God lives, that Jesus is the Christ; we know that God has spoken in the day in which we live through his humble prophet, Joseph Smith, and the testimony of Jesus, the spirit of prophecy, has gone forth in the world today, emanating from the humble servants of God, the testimony that Jesus is the Christ, and upon this testimony God has established his work, and made a strong and mighty people by the spirit of prophecy, the testimony of Jesus.

That is the work, my dear young brethren and sisters, in which we are engaged, that the youth of Israel may be established in the testimony of Jesus, that they may fearlessly go forth amongst their fellow men and testify of the things of God, filled with an understanding of the principles of truth and of knowledge and of light and of revelation which God has given to his people; and then, if we will labor in this cause, God will bless us and strengthen us and give us joy. Go forth, then, my dear young brethren and sisters, from this conference filled with that spirit and with this determination. God has indeed blessed you. He has been good to the children of his people, and he has brought into their midst everything which shall be for their advancement and improvement and for their increase of power.

We have listened today to things, the effects of which introduced into our Mutual Improvement Associations, will be to refine, to uplift and strengthen in all the things of life, and if we put into practice the teachings we receive in our Mutual Improvement Associations, we shall become strong and useful members of society.

I am told that in our midst today, in this city, is a lady who came for the purpose of establishing libraries amongst the people, and that when she went into the office of one of the auxiliary organizations, the Primary, yesterday, she was surprised to find the work that was being done. She said: "I have come into your midst to introduce a library system, and I find that you are at least six years ahead of us in that work." Now this is the condition. I believe there is no community in the world today where there are the advantages offered to the young people, that are offered to the children of Zion, and I want, if I can, to impress upon your minds this thought, in the words of Brother Brimhall again, "*What hath God wrought!*" I want to impress upon you the thought that this is the blessing of God to you, that God has inspired his servants to give to you these aids, to encourage you in every good work; I want you to go home into your communities full of the Spirit, the Spirit of the Lord, and carry into those communities purity, virtue, truth, and courage, and loyalty, and a determination to shield and sustain the work of the Lord, and to fight to the utmost of your strength the evils that are found in the midst of the people—those evils that are being introduced by men and women who would draw away the youth of Israel from the path marked out by their fathers.

I pray that God will bless us in this our work, that he will fill us with the spirit of Mutual Improvement, that we may go forth from this conference determined that we will stand for Mutual Improvement,



stand for this organization, and see to it that it is made an absolute necessity in the wards in which we live; that it shall be found to be a factor for the upbuilding of the community, for the sustaining of the local authorities, the furtherance of the work of God, and for the accomplishment of his purposes, which is my prayer, through Jesus Christ. Amen.

At the afternoon session, before the sermon by President Joseph F. Smith, there were three short speeches on the subjects physical, intellectual and spiritual development.

## PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT

BY ELDER BRIGHAM H. ROBERTS

*My brethren and sisters:*—I am indeed taken by surprise in being called upon to address you in consequence of the absence of Brother Hinckley. I regret for the sake of our conference and the completeness in the treatment of the themes regarded as of sufficient importance to bring to the attention of this great gathering, that Brother Hinckley is absent as, of course, it is certain that it will be absolutely impossible for me to say the excellent things that I am sure he has prepared in his talk to deliver upon this subject.

However, there is one thought connected with the attention that we are now paying to the physical development of our youth that is extremely impressive, and that is the sacredness of the human body and the necessity there is for treating it as something holy and to be preserved and developed. This to me is beautiful in contemplating the revelations of God pertaining to man, that one interest of the human individual is not neglected to the advantage of another interest, but the knowledge which God has restored to the earth in this dispensation of the gospel concerns itself with the physical, intellectual and spiritual salvation of man. In one of the revelations in the Doctrine and Covenants, it is written:

"Every man whose spirit receiveth not the light is under condemnation, for man is spirit. The elements are eternal, and spirit and element, inseparably connected, receiveth a fulness of joy; and when separated, man cannot receive a fulness of joy. The elements are the tabernacle of God; yea, man is the tabernacle of God, even temples; and whatsoever temple is defiled, God shall destroy that temple."

In this important passage we are taught the vast importance that there is in bringing about union of spirit and element, in which we learn that it is only by the union of spirit and element that man can receive a fulness of joy; and naturally, in thought, we link this declaration with that other declaration of the Lord's namely, "This is my work and my glory, to bring to pass the immortality and eternal life of man."

And we learn from these great truths that the body of man, what we call the physical part of him, is a necessary factor in the perfection of the purposes of God with reference to man. We pass through birth and infancy and childhood and manhood, and finally through death to the resurrection of the body, to bring to pass the great purposes of God in the completion of man, and putting him in the way of progress, to which there is no other end, in which there are no ultimates, but

eternal progression, and the body of man is to become an eternal temple in which the spirit of man shall dwell, and through which it shall manifest itself in that completeness that shall proclaim its kindred to the divine intelligences who have attained unto their exaltation and glory. No wonder, then, that the inspiration of the Lord is operating upon the minds of his servants to devise ways and means by which this tabernacle of man shall receive due attention and care, and healthful growth and development, that it may attain unto all those possibilities, even as we desire that the spirit of man should be instructed and attain unto its intellectual and spiritual and moral development.

Development of the whole man, spirit and body, is becoming the slogan and spirit of our Mutual Improvement work, and I am satisfied that in following out these lines, and providing, through gymnasiums, through our boy scout movement, and, through the exercises that are being recommended to the youth of our Church, we are working in harmony with God and his purposes concerning the growth and development that he is looking for in this great latter-day work. The body of man, no less than his spirit, is to become holy and immortal; part of the immortal personage, when redemption shall be completed, consummating the union of spirit and body, the whole as indestructible as the spirit of man. That is what I understand immortality to be.

So, I would urge upon the officers of the associations to regard this work of physical development as a very essential part of our labors, and just as sacred as when our efforts are devoted to the spiritual and the moral. Of course it is a commonplace that a "sound mind in a sound body" is the acme of human desire; and the thought is growing, that you cannot have a completely sound mind, nor can that mind attain to its best functions and highest development, without the accompaniment also of a sound body. And that, parents of the youth of Israel, is what we are working at in our play. We are not playing without a purpose. We are not seeking to take the youth of Zion and direct their physical activities in their amusements, we are not working at that, without a purpose, and that purpose is the development of the spirit of manliness in your sons and womanliness in your daughters. We anticipate great results from our efforts along these lines, and while I am not skilful in any exposition of the details that are being worked out by our athletic committee and by those who are sitting at the feet of our gymnasium instructors, I do want to say these few general words in behalf of this department of our activities, bespeaking in your mind a hearty reception of the effort, and the co-operation of our parents in assisting us along the lines of physical activities and development.

And, parents, do not suppose that because you found all the exercise that you wanted in the excessive labors and toils through which you have passed, that you can justify yourselves in withholding opportunities for the better physical development of your children than has fallen to your lot to enjoy. Take a wider view of life than that and say, if men who have been giving attention to these subjects that look for the better physical and moral development have found more than my labor and toil have brought to me, then I want my son and my daughter to have the full enjoyment of all that has been discovered,

and of all that has been devised for the development of a better physical manhood than has been known in the past. I believe that is the true spirit in which to look upon this effort for the physical development of the youth of our Church, that in all things physical, as well as in morals and in spiritual life, Zion may keep her place in this great modern world of ours, in leading the way to the development of better physical manhood and womanhood, and above all, holding before the view of the world this important truth, taught to the Church of Christ, that the body of man, as well as his spirit, is sacred and will become divine. The Lord bless you. Amen.

## INTELLECTUAL DEVELOPMENT

BY RUTH MAY FOX

*My brethren and sisters:*—I ask you that you give me your sympathy and faith that with that and the blessings of God I may be able to make you hear, the few moments I stand before you.

Man's intellect is God-given, and is a spark of that eternal intelligence which governs all things. Through its proper training man may reach to the highest possible culture, or through its misdirection may descend to the very dust. To illustrate. Napoleon used his intellect for the accomplishment of his own selfish ambitions, right or wrong; George Washington used his for the uplift of his people. Hence, the old proverb that has come down to us through the ages, *viz.*: "Get wisdom, and with all thy getting, get understanding;" is just as applicable today as at any time since the words were first spoken.

College education is no doubt very helpful to the training of the intellect, but not the all-important thing. Success lies largely in individual effort. Man grows in intelligence as he grows in good works. So it is not altogether what he knows that counts, but what he does, or, how he uses the talents with which God has blessed him. Lack of confidence in one's own ability retards progress with the suggestion that one cannot accomplish his aim. Therefore, many do not try. The confident believes that he can do what others have done, or even greater things. There is no such word as "fail." Some one has written, "If your desires are strong enough, you shall obtain, because you will bring every effort of body and mind to their fulfilment." In other words, want something, know what you want, then want it with all the power and life that is in you.

Our young people should read the biographies of self-made men that these may arouse their own ambitions. James A. Garfield was born in poverty and obscurity. He strove against a multitude of obstacles to gain an education, and succeeded so well, ever going onward and upward, that he was called to many positions of trust, and finally became President of the United States. Abraham Lincoln, what a monument of glory he builded for himself and this nation! and he, too, was born in poverty, reared in the backwoods, with a most meagre opportunity for learning, yet he became a master of expression, the emancipator of thousands of the human race, the President of the United States; but, better than that, he builded up a character that was far greater than anything else he ever did. Our President, Brigham Young, according to his own statement, received but nine days of



schooling, yet he became the greatest colonizer, the greatest leader and empire-builder of modern times. The Prophet Joseph Smith, whom the world considered an illiterate youth, by careful research and application, acquired the knowledge of many languages and much learning, translated the Book of Mormon, and became an instrument in the hands of God of restoring the true Church. But you say, Oh, yes, but these last two were specially endowed for special purposes. Very true, but special endowments do not usually come unsought, neither do they count for much if not appreciated.

Again, I fancy some one is saying, Why don't you name some women who, by their own efforts, have become prominent? I answer that history has not been so kind to women as to men; but, through all the ages, the best and strongest women have waded through seas of adversity and have given all they had to the world's crowning achievement, man. Opportunities are not lacking these days for intellectual advancement. All roads are open, thank God, to the humble poor, as well as to others of greater needs. "Seek ye out of the best books words of wisdom" is the injunction. Cultivate good thoughts. Study correct principles, and apply them in your lives. Be resolute in purpose and determine in your own mind to overcome evil ways. Remember that all good things are yours for the seeking, and that genius is often nothing more than well-directed energy. Eliminate "cant's" and "impossibilities" from your vocabulary, and study the words used by the old Norsemen: "If I can't find a way, I will make one."

The Mutual Improvement organizations offer great advantages for intellectual training. The young ladies herald to the world that improvement is their motto, perfection their aim, and the young men declare that "the glory of God is intelligence." With these mottoes before them, and a well-devised suggestive outline of work marked out, and with proper direction of wise leaders and officers, deserving of all confidence because of their faith, energy and zeal, with the blessings of God and the authority of the holy priesthood to sustain them, our young people need not fail in anything they may wish to accomplish. May God bless them to this end, I ask in the name of Jesus. Amen.

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### Would You Win or Lose?

"I can't understand it, but I believe there's a conspiracy against me. I've been hunting a job all day, and enquired at places that advertised for help, but was turned down in every case," said a young cigarette smoker who came home disgusted with his prospects of getting work. "They would ask me to hold out my hands, and in two cases they asked me to hold them up. Then the man would just say, 'I'm afraid you will not do,' or, 'We can't help you.' Once he shook his head and said, with a cynical smile, 'The signs are not right; we'll have to pass you up.'"

The young man professed to be ignorant of the reason for his failure, but we all know. Hold out your hands young man, and see if you would win or lose!



## The Open Road

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BY JOHN HENRY EVANS, OF THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS' UNIVERSITY

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*Stage IX—In which Brocketts Plants a Seed that Sprouts and Grows and Spreads its Branches*

"What have you there, Brocketts?"

It was Dudley Brown speaking. He had stolen up the ladder of the barn, had lifted the latch noiselessly, and tip-toed to the box on which Brocketts was sitting bent over a book, and was now looking at the volume over Brocketts' shoulder.

Brocketts jumped nervously. "My!" he cried, "but you scared me! What in all conscience did you do that for? Why didn't you come in like a civilized man and not like a burglar?"

Dudley did not answer. He only smiled. Also he brought over another box, placed it opposite Brocketts near the table, sat down on it leisurely, then reached over and took the volume to inspect its contents. Greene's *History of the English People*, he read.

"Yes," Brocketts said, "I was reading about Thomas a'Becket when you came in. I had just got to the place where he was run through with the sword when you spoke.

"Gee, Brocketts, I wonder you're alive now. I didn't know you were reading such a scary subject. Next time I'll know better." He turned over the pages of the history. And then—"Say, Brocketts, I'd like mighty well to read this with you."

Brocketts looked pleased. "Would you, honest?" he asked. "Sure!"

"Nothing would please me more," Brocketts went on. "I've often wanted to ask you to do that, but I was afraid."

"Afraid of what?"

"Oh, you know more than I do, and—"

"Cheese it, Brocketts!"

"Anyway, I'm glad you want to. Let's begin at the beginning and study it carefully, discussing things as we go along."

"I'm in favor of the discussion part of it," returned Dudley, "but you'll hardly enjoy the book up to where you are now, because you've been over it."

"Yes, I will! I haven't gone very far, you see. And then, besides, I didn't read it carefully enough. It'll do me good to go over it again."

The two students began that very night. They read the whole of the first chapter of Greene's fine work, and talked about it. Not only that night did they thus pursue the study, but every night when Brocketts was not at school, exclusive of Sunday evening. They read alternately, always talking it over at the end of the chapter. When they got through Greene's history and were about to begin their next choice, which was Bancroft's *History of the United States*, the two were up in the barn loft congratulating themselves on the happy thought of reading together.

"I'll tell you what would be a good thing, Dudley," said Brocketts, "better than what we're doing now. That is, to ask a few other fellows to join us and have a little society."

"A rattling good idea, Brocketts," said Dudley. "It is rather selfish in us, keeping all this to ourselves. There's Ben Wilkins and Harry Tibbitts, and Nephi Benson—they'd be glad to join."

"Harry Tibbetts doesn't work here at Bernstein's," objected Brocketts; "and my idea is to have in the society only those who work here."

"Why?"

"Oh, I don't know—I think it would be a good thing, don't you?" But he did not. He wanted all the members to be employes of Mr. Bernstein merely because he believed it would serve to bind them together *as* his employes, and not merely as members of the society. He refrained from telling Dudley so, because he feared Dudley would question him too closely.

Dudley, however, somewhat to Brockett's surprise, took up the idea enthusiastically. "That leaves out Harry, then," he said. "What do you think of Ben and Nephi?"

"They're all right. Then there's Jed Nolan, Pete Enson, and Clem Jackson—how about them?"

"All right, too. How many shall we have? Let's only have those five and us two. That'll make seven."

The idea was agreed to. The matter was broached to five

other boys, they gladly accepted the invitation, and accordingly a night or two afterwards the seven young 'men met in Brocketts' room, some more boxes having been called into requisition, and a new oil lamp having replaced the candle of the evenings before.

"We've got to have a chairman," Brocketts said, "or else we can't transact business. I move that Dudley Brown be our chairman." The motion was seconded, and before Dudley could finish his objection that this honor belonged to Brocketts as having first suggested the society, Brocketts had put the motion and it had prevailed, Dudley alone voting in the negative. Brocketts was made secretary.

The rest of that evening was spent in discussing the details of the society. It was to be called the Wasatch Lyceum. Its purpose was mutual improvement. Every member, therefore, should have equal opportunity with every other. Each member was to take his turn at the offices, the term being one month, and at the various parts on the program, Robert's *Rules of Order* was to be rigidly enforced. The secretary was to report a constitution and bye-laws at the next meeting.

Brocketts was at his wit's end to know what form the constitution and bye-laws should take, never having done anything like this before. But his friend Dargan knew and helped him freely.

"A capital idea, Brocketts, a capital idea," said the bookman. "Some leading young men in the Church have just started a general movement like that, but it doesn't seem to be very popular. And so you're going to have only Mr. Bernstein's employes members! You ought to get all of them, Brocketts—all of them. They need improvement—everybody does, no matter who he is."

And so the Wasatch Lyceum was launched. For some time it was limited to the original seven members and met in the barn loft. But it grew. Other young men in Mr. Bernstein's employ, learning of the nature and purpose of the organization, wished to join. In time all those who worked for the firm, except the older men there, became members. At first, too, the Lyceum held its meetings in the barn loft, but as soon as its membership increased beyond the capacity of that small room, the society was

compelled to look for larger quarters. These larger quarters were found in the room just behind Dargan's book store, which the book-seller had shown Brocketts once as being the place where the teachers of the state held their yearly institutes. It was an ideal place for such a society. The generous Mr. Dargan, enthusiastic for everything that promised to be an intellectual uplift, refused to accept any remuneration for the use of the room, till the boys declared they would go somewhere else unless he consented to receive a reasonable compensation. But he himself drew the line when it came to throwing at their disposal the reference books, which, he told them, the teachers used without expense. "You'll have to make use of them whenever you need them," he said.

The Lyceum did a great variety of things. Now the young men would take up the reading of a book, just as Dudley and Brocketts had read and discussed Greene's *History of the English People*. Now they would turn the association into a class for a few weeks with an instructor, some non-members of the society, employed for the purpose of teaching a definite subject like grammar or physiology or astronomy. In this way it was that some of the series known as Steele's "Fourteen Weeks" were gone through. Now they would turn the Lyceum into a debating society, when four or six members presented arguments affirmative and negative, on popular themes, after which any other member was at liberty to discuss it, taking either side according to his bent. Now they would invite business men of standing to speak to them on particular principles or methods of commercial dealings. And now, for a change and to sharpen their wits at one another's expense, they became waggish, instituted a sort of question box, into which every member was invited to put his jokes, witticisms, puns, verses, whatnot, and which when opened afforded the greatest merriment.

When it began as a society, the Wasatch Lyceum met but once a week, but after a time, as it increased in size and interest, it met three times a week. At each session except those where it was turned into a class, there was a critic, who took notice of errors in the matters discussed to the extent that he had observed them, but also of errors of speech so far as he was able to detect them. Nor was anyone exempt from criticism. The organiza-



tion followed without deviation the rule that every member should take his turn at the offices, including that of critic.

Thus the Lyceum accomplished in part the same results that a night school attains, and in part results that are beyond the purpose or accomplishment of most night schools. It afforded the benefits of regular instruction by professional teachers in prescribed subjects, and also the advantages derived socially and intellectually from a society, effected voluntarily for a variety of aims involved in self-improvement. It served, too, as a strong bond of union in connection with the establishment owned by Mr. Bernstein, though he did not know of its existence, and increased the interest of its members in the concern and their efficiency to an extent that was to tell powerfully for the welfare of the institution at a future day.

*Stage X—In which is Told How a Small Dose of Laudanum  
Helped on a Love Affair*

There is a kind of fire which has to be replenished every once in a while, else it will certainly go out, and there is another kind which feeds on itself and which, strangely enough, grows always brighter and steadier. Brocketts' must have been of this latter sort.

And for the very good reason that, although, in the ten months since the party, he had seen Bessie Ward but once, and then only when she and Ray Sillinan were on their way to a tabernacle service one Sunday afternoon, the lithesome figure, the radiant, talkative brown eyes, and the abundant, loose-flowing tresses which had bewitched him that night, sprang up before him, like a jack-in-the-box after you release the lid, whenever his hand or his brain betrayed the least tendency to lose its grip on whatever task it was about. But Brocketts saw to it that neither hand nor brain lost its grip very often. *That* would have been a token of weakness, and weakness was wholly unbecoming in a boy who wanted to get on in the world.

That is why, more and more as the days and nights passed, Bessie and he became the warp and the woof of his thoughts about the future. Always, these months, his dawn of tomorrow held two figures—Bessie and himself. No drama of the future

that *he* could imagine ever left these leading characters out. There were others, to be sure—his always newly-found father and mother, Dudley, the affable Mr. Dargan, and Mr. Bernstein. But the principal ones were Bessie and himself.

Sometimes, though, there came moments when he had doubts as to the realization that his dreams concerning her would ever become true. "What right have I," he would ask himself in such moments,—“what right have I to think about her? She never thinks about me. She probably never will. So what's the use?” Nevertheless, he could not believe this. Herein, if in few other respects, he was a true lover. He knew, though he could not explain even to himself, that those swift glances he had received from her that night were a higher evidence than would be accepted in a court of law.

Not that Brocketts had made no efforts to give his dreams a more substantial basis than fancy. It is true, he had gone about it in a less aggressive way than he had gone about everything else. Your business man, young or old, is not the wisest in matters of sentiment. And then, besides, Brocketts' acquaintance in Salt Lake City was not of the widest. He had been a dozen or more times to the religious services in the ward house in which the Christmas party was held. But he had not seen her there. For how was he to know that that was Ray Silliman's ward and not Bessie's also? To be sure, he could have found out this and some other things from Dudley, but Brocketts was timid and inexperienced in the affairs of the heart. And so he had kept his own counsel. Latterly he had even given up the idea of going to the ward chapel.

When, however, he accidentally saw Bessie one Sunday, he suddenly acquired a fresh interest in the concerns of his soul. For he ran up into his room in the barn to tidy up, then walked rapidly in the direction of the temple block and into the immense building whose roof looked like the back of a turtle. There was a big congregation, into which Bessie and Ray had effectually disappeared. Brocketts' attention ran out at the eyes, so that he heard nothing of the singing and the preaching. He was dimly conscious of the facts that there was more or less music up there in the front, that a dark figure, after that, stood up behind the upper pulpit and said something, and once toward the end that

the people about him were staring wonderingly or smilingly at him, manifestly because he was not standing up with them. At last he made a hasty escape into the open air and then into the barn-loft.

A fierce jealousy flared up within him. She was with the dude! He was with her rather, for Brocketts proceeded on the grounds that she was being compelled in her attentions. And what did that young fellow amount to, anyhow? Nothing—sheer nothing. He was only a dude. But Brocketts would show Bessie the difference between a coat of varnish and genuine wood-work. Veneering might be a good thing to look at, but it would easily rub off. And he would rub it off! That was what he would do, and in her very presence.

Brocketts did not intend anything at all desperate by this. He only came to the conclusion that he would find where Bessie lived and that he would stand on the plane of open rivalry to the Silliman boy. That was all.

How this should be accomplished, though, he did not appear to know. Maybe he had better run the risk of a conversation with Dudley. Dudley would surely know. This would be the best thing. It wouldn't matter much if Dudley *did* find certain things out.

Several weeks, however, elapsed before what he called a good opportunity to do so occurred, and even then the faintest revelation of his secret was turned aside by something that proved better than an opportunity. It happened in this way.

Dudley had been called on a mission. This fact he had communicated to Brocketts some time before. He was to leave home in two weeks from now.

"There's to be a party for me next Friday night at Bishop Ward's," he said to Brocketts. "There'll be just a few of my best friends—boys and girls. I told them I wanted you there. Will you come?"

"Sure!" Brocketts fairly shouted.

"Bishop Ward's!" he said to himself. "Wonder if it was Bassie's father?" But he tried not to look this question. Dudley went on—

"They're going to give me a send-off in the meeting house

the Friday after that. It'll be a public affair. I want you to come to that also."

Brocketts promised to go. He would go to the ends of the earth if by doing so he could find any traces of Bessie. He found himself wondering whether the Dude would be there. Ray did not go, he thought, in Dudley's crowd. Nor did Bessie, he remembered. For Brocketts had been in Dudley's crowd a good many times, but without ever having set eyes on Bessie. This Bishop Ward could not, after all, be her father. Maybe he was an uncle, or something. Brocketts would have liked him to be her father for two reasons—one that he would meet her and another that he would meet *him* there.

The Wards lived in a large, many-gabled house looking north from a large plot of ground. Brocketts was ushered into the parlor by Bessie herself! Bishop Ward *was* her father, as Brocketts afterwards found out. A small crowd of happy young people laughed and chatted in the room where Brocketts entered, most of whom he had met already. Ray Silliman was not there.

"You're late, Brocketts," Dudley said, as Bessie presented the new-comer to the other guests.

"Couldn't help it, Dudley," Brocketts explained. "You see I have to get my own supper myself and wash the dishes afterwards!"

This was not the true explanation, though. The fact is, he had been embarrassed by the probability that, after all, this might be Bessie's home to which he was going, and, yielding to his fear rather than to his desires, he had delayed his coming as long as he decently could. And even then he had passed the place several times to quiet his nerves.

"You'll have to get married, Brocketts," cried blunt Dave Bradley, a young fellow so plump you could hardly see his eyes. "Father says every boy ought to be married by the time he's twenty."

"Then I'm like you in that. I've got about three years grace left me," Brocketts responded, though not without the color rising to his forehead and cheeks. "Besides, there are three necessary items lacking in my case." He paused.

"What're they?" queried several voices.

"A house, a girl, and something to keep her with." He did



not look at anybody in particular as he said this, out of sheer embarrassment.

"You've got a good job?" Dudley asked.

"Yes."

"And rising?" put in Dave.

"Trying to," Brocketts said.

"Well, then"—this from the plump boy—"the furniture man told me the other day that if you'd furnish the girl he'd furnish the house! So there's only one thing you lack."

This was followed by a burst of laughter and a good-natured objection from the girls at being enumerated under the headings "items" and "things."

The introductions and the handshakings over, games were played. These may be passed by, however, to give way to more important considerations. One of these proved to be sandwiched between "spinning the plate" and "post-office"—two games very common with young persons of those days.

"I say, have you heard the news?" This was from the ever voluble Dave.

Some of the girls, divining what he was about to say, protested that Bessie would not wish to hear it. This, of course, made those who had not heard it as curious about the matter as Eve was over the forbidden fruit. So there were cries of "No; don't tell it!" and cries of "Let's have it!"

Dave looked at Bessie.

"Oh, go ahead for all of me," she laughed. "I don't care a fig!"

"It's about Ray Silliman," Dave began, commencing at the end as do all the scandalous news items in the modern daily. "He tried to commit suicide!"

This was met by a merry shout from the crowd.

"Suicide!" exclaimed those who had not heard the tale. "Go on, go on—tell us about it."

Dave, the glib of tongue, wished nothing better than to be the center of attraction, the observed of all observers, with a dozen pairs of eyes watching every movement of his lips.

"Well," he went on, "it was this way. Ray and I were chums, you know."

What everybody knew was that Ray and Dave were *not* chums. But no one contradicted him, and so he continued.

"And one night we were going home together, when he stopped all at once and said, 'Dave, did you ever commit suicide?'

"'Sure!' said I—'twice. But it ain't the thing it's cracked up to be! What d'ye want to know for?'

"'Don't want to know—that ain't what I mean. I mean did you ever drink laudanum?'

"'Not since I got to be a man,' I said.

"'Aw! shut up, you chump,' he said; 'I ain't joking. I'm going to drink this laudanum.'

"Just then, what d'ye think he did? He pulled out a half-pint bottle with some dark stuff in it—nearly a bottle full. It was labelled laudanum, sure enough.

"'What's the matter, Ray?' I asked.

"'I'm going to kill myself,' he answered. 'I'm going to drink every drop of this.'

"'I know,' I said, 'you told me that before. But what I want to know is *why* you're going to kill yourself—what's the trouble?'

"He wouldn't tell me for a long time. I'd noticed that he was gloomy. He's usually jolly, you know. After a while he told me.

"'Dad's getting stingy with me,' he said, 'and I can't stand it any longer. Last night I was to take my girl to the theater. Dad wouldn't give me any money, though. So I couldn't take her. I'm getting tired of it!'

"'Why don't you work?' said I.

"'What! me work!' Ray fired back at me. 'Not on your life. I'm not going to make my hands big and hard, not me. I'm not that sort. Besides, if I did get a job, it'd be packing spuds out of the cellar, very likely, and I couldn't stand that. Dad's got money enough, I guess. He could spare me a couple of dollars a day and not miss it. He'll be sorry for it, you see!'

Everybody laughed at this.

"And did he drink the laudanum?" some one asked.

"That's in the second chapter, which I'm coming to," responded Dave. "Ray and I parted then. Of course, I didn't see what happened, but I know, just the same. He drank some of the laudanum—not all of it, just enough to upset his stomach.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

# Over the Pioneer Trail

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THE ORIGINAL RECORD OF PROF. ORSON PRATT

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[On suggestion of Hon. B. H. Roberts, it was arranged by the General Board some weeks ago to provide for a company of M. I. A. Scouts to pass over the old pioneer trail from Echo to Salt Lake City, the trip to be made in July, so that the boys might enter the Valley on July 24, Pioneer Day. The purpose of the trip, besides the outing, is to inspire the boys with the nobility of the work of the pioneers, educate them in early Utah history, and encourage the building of an auto road over the old route.

In harmony with this action, the Athletic Committee, under Chairman Lyman R. Martineau, arranged for a preliminary survey of the road by a number of the committee and others on June 25-28. A company composed of Dr. John H. Taylor, field man M. I. A. Scouts; B. S. Hinckley, Secretary of the Deseret Gymnasium; J. D. Bowers, scout director of the Thirty-first ward; Edward H. Anderson, of the ERA, and David B. Anderson, a student of Johns Hopkins Medical School, who took the photographs, proceeded toward Echo from Salt Lake City on June 25, on foot and team. They discovered that the route was open, and could be traveled by teams, except in short distances, with only little trouble. Considerable of the distance was traversed on foot. On the 27th, this company was met at Echo by B. H. Roberts, of the General Superintendency, and Lyman R. Martineau, Chairman of the Athletic Committee, who proceeded west from Echo over the trail. Both the companies had copies of the field notes of Orson Pratt, of the advance company of pioneers, and also those of President Wilford Woodruff, and John Brown, and the official diary of President Brigham Young.

The field notes in the journal of Prof. Orson Pratt are so well taken that the company found no difficulty in following the exact trail of the pioneers through the various canyons. B. H. Roberts, before making the trip, wrote a description of the route for the Church history in the *Americana*, and found the notes so full and accurate that it was not necessary to change a line or word, after he had passed over the ground.

The feasibility of taking a company of boy scouts over the railway to Echo, and returning them on foot over the old route to Salt Lake City, is unquestioned, and will be undertaken. Parts of the distances over the mountains are very interesting, and it is believed much historical good may come from a trip of that kind. It would give opportunity to impress the boys with the difficult labors, the

determined purpose and noble design, as well as the wisdom, faith and hardships of the pioneers, experienced on their way over those beautiful hills and mountains, to their new home in the Valley.

As the Scout company passed over the road, pictures were taken of a number of scenes which are produced herewith, in connection with the original notes of the great pioneer, Orson Pratt, from July 11 to 24, 1847.—EDITORS.]

TRANSCRIPTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF ELDER ORSON PRATT,

*In Command of the Advance Company of Utah Pioneers, Complete from July 11 to 24, 1847.*

JULY 11, SUNDAY.—Mr. Craig and three others proceeded on their journey for the States. Mr. Goodyear and two Indians went down Bear River. The morning is clear, calm and pleasant, although it was cold during the night, forming considerable ice. About one and a half miles south we discovered a mineral tar spring, and a few rods to the northeast some sulphur springs. At this point the roads fork, a few wagon tracks bearing off to the south, while a few others bore down the small creek on which we were encamped.

JULY 12.—This morning we resumed our journey, taking the right hand fork of the road down the creek, which is represented as being the nearest, and 13.4 miles brought us to Bear River ford. The river here is about 60 feet wide,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  feet deep; a very rapid current and the bottom completely covered with rounded boulders, some of which were about as large as a human head. The height above the sea is 6,636 feet. Some speckled trout were caught in the stream this morning. The road again forks at this place. We took the right hand, which bore a few degrees south of west. For about two miles our road gradually ascended, and crossing a ridge we commenced descending, following down for several miles a ravine in which there was little water. Plenty of grass, of an excellent quality, is found in almost every direction. The country is very broken, with high hills and valleys, with no timber excepting scrubby cedar upon their sides. Antelope again appear in great abundance, but rather wild. Some ten or twelve were brought in by our hunters in the course of the day. The road is exceedingly difficult to find, excepting in places where the grass has not completely obscured it. We halted for noon a

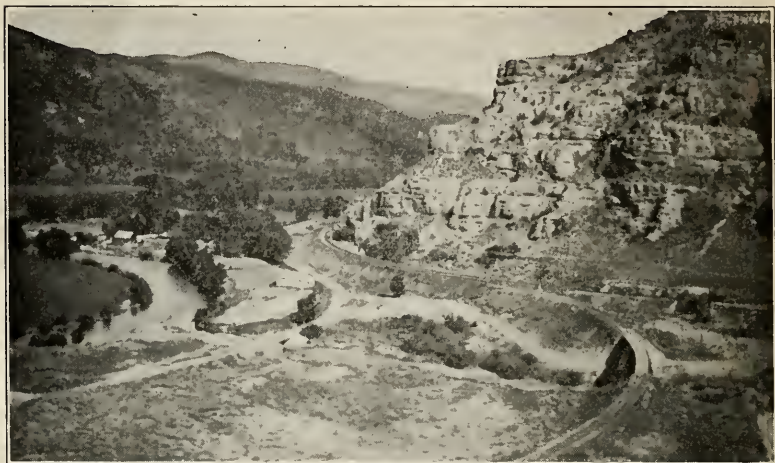


little east of a pudding-stone formation. This ledge is on the right of the road, which passes along its base. The rocks are from 100 to 200 feet in height, and rise up in a perpendicular and shelving form, being broken or worked out into many curious forms by the rains. Some quite large boulders were cemented in this rock. Mr. B. Young, being sick, concluded to stop a few hours and rest; several wagons stopped with him for company, the rest being requested to move on. We continued down the ravine but a short distance, where it empties its waters into a small tributary of Bear River, which we crossed and again began to ascend for some distance, when we crossed the ridge and descended rather abruptly at first but afterwards more gradually into another ravine, at the head of which was a good spring of cold water. We continued descending this ravine until towards evening when we camped at the foot of a ledge of rock on the right. Here is the mouth of a curious cave in the center of a coarse sandstone fronting to the south, and a little inclined from the perpendicular. The opening resembles very much the doors attached to an outdoor cellar, being about 8 feet high and 12 or 14 feet wide. We called it Redden's Cave, a man by that name being one of the first in our company who visited it. We went into this cave about 30 feet, where, the entrance becoming quite small, we did not feel disposed to penetrate it any further. On the under side of the roof were several swallows' nests. Mr. Young did not overtake us tonight.

JULY 13.—Early this morning we dispatched two messengers back to meet Mr. Young, being unwilling to move any farther until he should come up. The barometer here indicates quite a fall since leaving Bear River, the mercury standing, at half-past six a. m., 24.005, attached thermometer 62 deg., detached thermometer 60.5 deg. The morning is calm and clear. The two messengers returned, and Mr. H. C. Kimball with them. They reported Mr. Young as getting better, but that he did not think of moving yet today. Those of the Twelve present directed me to take 23 wagons and 42 men, and proceed on the journey, and endeavor to find Mr. Reid's route across the mountains, for we had been informed that it would be impracticable to pass through the canyon (*i. e.* Weber) on account of the depth and rapidity of

the water. About 3 p.m. we started, and proceeded down Red Fork about eight and three-fourths miles and encamped. At present there is not much water in this fork thus far. The height of our encampment above the sea is 6,070 feet.

JULY 14.—We resumed our journey; traveled about six and three-fourths miles, and halted for noon, latitude 41 deg. 1 min., 47 sec. In the afternoon traveled about six and one-fourth miles further, which brought us to the junction of Red and Weber



SCENE IN ECHO CANYON

At the junction of Echo creek, or Red Fork, and the winding Weber river. The wagon road from Coalville, the Union Pacific railway, and the branch line to Coalville, are shown. At the point of the Bluffs is located the old land mark, Pulpit Rock, as now modified and strengthened by masonry. The advance pioneers camped at this point on July 14, and from here Orson Pratt and his advance company proceeded down the river to find Reid's trail, or to learn if the Weber canyon was passable. Elevation 5,301 feet.

forks. Our journey down Red Fork has been truly interesting and exceedingly picturesque. We have been shut up in a narrow valley from 10 to 20 rods wide, which upon each side the hills rise very abruptly from 800 to 1,200 feet, and the most of the distance we have been walled in by vertical and overhanging precipices of red pudding-stone, and also red sandstone, dipping to the northwest in an angle of about 20 deg. (the valley of the Red Fork being about southwest). These rocks were worked

into many curious shapes, probably by the rains. The country here is very mountainous in every direction. Red Fork, towards the mouth, is a small stream about eight feet across; it puts into Weber's fork from the right bank. Weber's fork is consisting of boulders; water very clear; its course bearing west-northwest. Height of the junction above sea, 5,301 feet. The road has been quite rough, crossing and re-crossing the stream a great number of times. There is some willow and aspen in the valley and upon the side hills, and some scrubby cedar upon the hills and rocks as usual.

JULY 15.—We resumed our journey down Weber's fork, crossing onto the left bank. Traveled about six miles, and en-



UNION PACIFIC RAILWAY STATION AT ECHO

camped about one mile above the canyon, which at the entrance is impassable for wagons. The road, crossing the river to the right bank, makes a circuit of about two miles, and enters the canyon at the junction of a stream putting in from the right bank, about one-third as large as Weber's fork. I rode on horseback, in company with Mr. Brown, about five miles down from our encampment, and being convinced that this was the ten-mile canyon which had been spoken of, we returned to camp. In the meantime Mr. Markham, with one or two others, had gone

up the river on the right bank, in search of Reid's trail across the mountains, leading down to the southeastern shores of the Salt Lake. Mr. Brown and I also went in search, traveling along the bluffs on the south. We soon struck the trail, although so



#### WITCH ROCKS

Curious formations rising 50 to 80 feet in the air. These are located about two miles from Echo, about half way between Echo and Henefer, on the hills on the right bank of the river at the place where the Pioneers passed prior to crossing the river just above Henefer.

dimly seen that it only now and then could be discerned; only a few wagons having passed here one year ago, and the grass having grown up, leaving scarcely a trace. I followed this trail about six miles up a ravine, to where it attained the dividing ridge leading down into another ravine, in a southerly direction, and returned again into camp. There is some cottonwood timber fringing the shores of Weber's fork, and also thick clusters of willows, making very close thickets for bears, which, from their large tracks and the large holes they had made in digging for roots, must be very numerous.

JULY 16.—At half-past four o'clock this morning we were visited by a thunder shower; nearly rain sufficient to lay the dust, which is rather more than usually falls in the showers which have been frequent for a few days past. At half-past five o'clock the



barometer stood at 24.779, attached thermometer 53 deg., detached thermometer 52 deg. Calm, and still partially cloudy. We concluded to send Mr. Rockwell back, to report to the portion of the pioneers that we had found the new route, &c., which we had anticipated would be troublesome to find. We resumed our journey up a small stream on Reid's route, sending in advance



ON THE HENEFER BENCH

Left side of the river, showing the canyon to the left up which the pioneers passed. On the roadside the primitive sage still flourishes.

of the wagons a small company of about a dozen with spades, axes, &c., to make the road passable, which required considerable labor. We traveled about six miles, and, crossing the ridge, began to descend another ravine. Traveled about two and a half miles, which took about four hours' labor, and encamped for the night. Plenty of grass and water; some antelope; small willows in abundance. After we had encamped Mr. Newman and myself walked down the ravine to examine the road. We found that Mr. Reid's company last season had spent several hours' labor in spading, &c., but finding it almost impracticable for wagons they had turned up a ravine, at the mouth of which we had encamped and taken a little more circuitous route over the hills.

JULY 17.—A severe frost during the night. Early this morn-

ing I started out alone, and on foot, to examine the country back, to see if there was not a more practicable route for the companies in the rear than the one we had come. I was soon satisfied that we had taken the best and only practicable route. Met a large grey wolf about four rods from me. I returned to camp

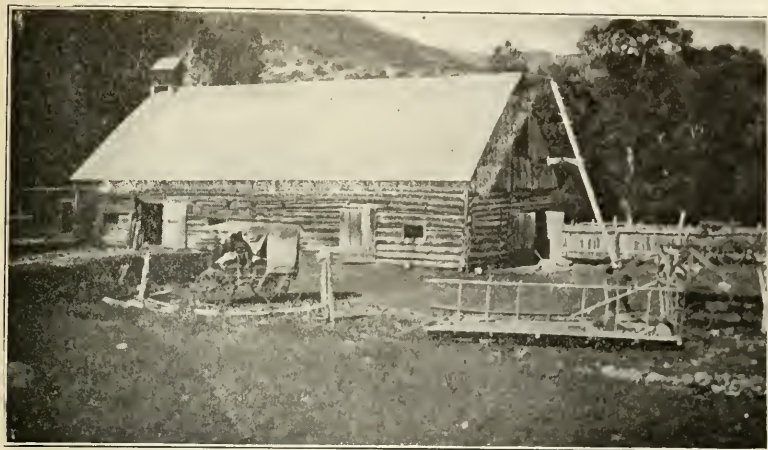


THE EAST CANYON RESERVOIR

Of the Davis and Weber Counties Canal Company, looking down the river to the dam. Orson Pratt and his advance company camped some forty rods above the narrows where the dam is now located, about nine miles from Henefer.

and counseled the company not to go any further until they had spent several hours' labor on the road over which we passed yesterday afternoon; and all who were able to work labored about two-thirds of the day upon the same; and, leaving orders for the camp towards night to move on, Mr. Brown and myself rode on to explore. About three and one-eighth miles brought us down the right bank of the creek, which was about twenty feet wide; swift current. This creek passes through a canyon about 40 rods below, where it is for a few rods shut up by perpendicular and overhanging walls, being a break in the mountain, which rises several hundred feet upon each side. The creek plunges underneath a large rock which lies in its bed, near the foot of the canyon, blocking the same, and making it impassable for wagons or teams. We followed the dimly traced wagon tracks up this stream for eight miles, crossing the same thirteen times. The bottoms of this creek are thickly covered with willows, from 5 to 15 rods wide,

making an immense labor in cutting a road through for the emigrants last season. We still found the road almost impassable and requiring much labor. The mountains upon each side rise abruptly from 600 to 3,000 feet above the bed of the stream. Leaving our horses at the foot, we ascended to the summit



#### AT CLAYTON'S RANCH

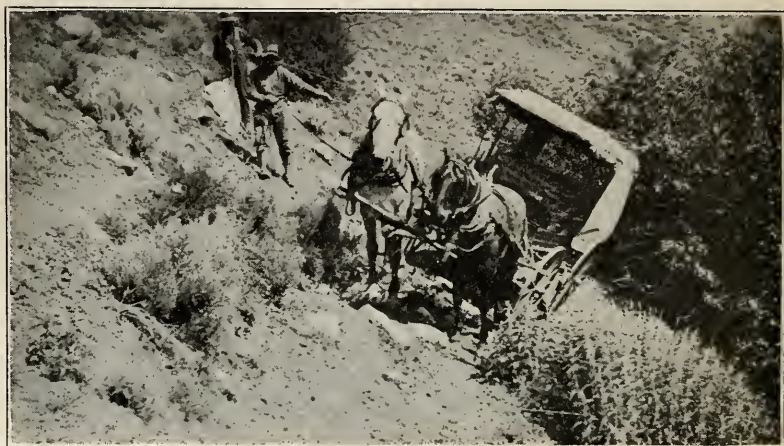
Here some of the Scout company had fine fishing, the results of which all enjoyed. About four miles from East Canyon dam. Dutch Canyon just back of the barn.

of one which appeared to be about 2,000 feet high. We had a prospect limited in most directions by still higher peaks; the country exhibited a broken succession of hills piled on hills, and mountains on mountains, in every direction. We returned and met our camp about four and three-fourth miles from where they were encamped in the morning. They were encamped about two miles above the canyon, on the left bank of the Canyon creek. At this place there is a small rivulet which runs down from the mountains: the water pure and cold.

JULY 18, SUNDAY.—The morning is cold, and the ground whitened by frost. We remained in our encampment today. Attended meeting in the forenoon. Latitude 40 deg., 54 min., 7 sec. A lunar observation was taken for the longitude. I also obtained an observation of the altitude of the moon for time.

JULY 19.—The morning cold and frosty, but in the middle

of the day it is exceedingly warm. Mr. Brown and myself started soon after sunrise to examine the road and country ahead. We ascertained that the road left Canyon creek near the place where we stopped the day before, and ran along in a ravine to the west. We ascended this ravine gradually for four miles, when we came to the dividing ridge. Here we fastened our horses, and ascended



GOING UP DUTCH CANYON

From Clayton's ranch toward the summit of Big Mountain, distance about six miles, it was necessary in some places to tie ropes to the wagon to hold it from plunging into the ravine and creek below. Beautiful aspen groves, pines, wild-flowers, and wild cherries in bloom, abounded on all sides. The pioneers went up East Canyon about five miles from Clayton's, then turned west up what was later known as Little Emigration Canyon, four miles to summit of Big Mountain.

on foot a mountain on the right for several hundred feet. Both from the ridge where the road crosses, and from the mountain peak, we could see over a great extent of the country. On the southwest we could see an extensive level prairie, some few miles distant, which we thought must be near the lake. We came down from the mountain and mounted our horses, and rode down on the southwest side of the mountain, the descent is very rapid at first. We traveled down several miles and found that the small stream we were descending passed through a very high mountain, where we judged it impossible for wagons to pass, and after



searching awhile, we found that the wagon trail ascended quite abruptly for about one and one-half miles, and passed over a mountain, and down into another narrow valley, and thus avoided the canyon; and after making these explorations we returned to our camp, which we met six and one-fourth miles from their



SCENE ON THE WAY UP EAST SIDE OF BIG MOUNTAIN

morning encampment, having performed a great deal of labor on the road. Mr. Rockwell had returned, bringing us the intelligence that the most of the pioneer wagons were within a few miles of us. A fresh track of a buffalo was discovered in this ravine. He had rubbed off some of his hair upon the brush in his path, probably the only one within hundreds of miles.

JULY 20.—The morning is frosty. I wrote a description of the road and country which we had traversed for several miles ahead, and left the same deposited in a conspicuous place for the benefit of the camp which were soon expected to pass. We resumed our journey about 9 o'clock in the morning, being hindered more than usual by some cattle which had strayed a short distance. We traveled today about six miles over the mountains, laboring diligently upon the road. The barometrical observations on the dividing ridge were 23.137, attached thermometer 80 deg., detached thermometer 76 deg., giving for the height of the same above the sea 7,245 feet.

JULY 21.—No frost this morning, but a heavy dew. We resumed our journey, traveled two and one-half miles, and ascended a mountain for one and one-half miles; descended upon the west side one mile; came upon a swift running creek, where we halted



THE SCOUT COMPANY

Going east, on the summit of Big Mountain. Left to right: B. S. Hinckley, on horseback, Dr. John H. Taylor, Edward H. Anderson, John D. Bowers, and Booze, Bowers' busy dog. Elevation 7,245 feet.

for noon. We called this Last Creek. Brother Erastus Snow (having overtaken our camp from the other camp, which he said was but a few miles in the rear) and myself proceeded in advance of the camp down Last Creek four and one-half miles, to where it passes through a canyon and issues into the broad, open valley below. To avoid the canyon the wagons last season had passed over an exceedingly steep, dangerous hill. Mr. Snow and myself ascended this hill, from the top of which a broad, open valley, about 20 miles wide and 30 long, lay stretched out before us at the north end of which the broad waters of the Great Salt Lake glistened in the sunbeams, containing high mountainous islands from 25 to 30 miles in extent. After issuing from the mountains among which we had been shut up for many days, and beholding in a moment such an extensive scenery open before us, we could not refrain from a shout of joy which almost involuntarily escaped from our lips the moment this grand and lovely scenery was

within our view. We immediately descended very gradually into the lower parts of the valley, and although we had but one horse between us, yet we traveled a circuit of about twelve miles before we left the valley to return to our camp, which we found encamped one and one-half miles up the ravine from the valley,



THE SCOUT COMPANY GOING WEST

Get a first glimpse of the valley; left to right: Dr. John Taylor, L. R. Martineau, John D. Bowers, B. H. Roberts, on horseback with field-glass in hand, delighted with the view.

and three miles in advance of their noon halt. It was about nine o'clock in the evening when we got into camp. The main body of the pioneers who were in the rear were encamped only one and one-half miles up the creek from us, with the exception of some wagons containing some who were sick, who were still behind.

JULY 22.—This morning George A. Smith and myself, accompanied by seven others, rode into the valley to explore, leaving the camp to follow on and work the road, which here required considerable labor, for we found that the canyon at the entrance of the valley, by cutting out the thick timber and underbrush, connected with some spading and digging, could be made far more preferable than the route over the steep hill mentioned above. We accordingly left a written note to that effect, and passed on. After going down into the valley about five miles, we turned our course to the north, down towards the Salt Lake. For three or four

miles from the mountains the springs were very abundant, the water excellent, and generally with gravel bottoms. A great variety of green grass, and very luxuriant, covered the bottoms for miles where the soil was sufficiently damp, but in other places,



LOOKING EAST FROM THE SUMMIT OF BIG MOUNTAIN, LITTLE  
EMIGRATION CANYON LEADING TO THE RIGHT

Up this the Pioneers came after leaving East Canyon some four and three-fourth miles up the stream from Clayton's. The road in Little Emigration Canyon for a distance of four miles is not passable by teams but there is a good trail.

although the soil was good, yet the grass had nearly dried up for want of moisture. We found the drier places swarming with very large crickets, about the size of a man's thumb. This valley is surrounded with mountains, except on the north; the tops of some of the highest being covered with snow. Every one or two miles streams were emptying into it from the mountains on the east, many of which were sufficiently large to carry mills and other machinery. As we proceeded towards the Salt Lake the soil began to assume a more sterile appearance, being probably at some seasons of the year overflowed with water. We found as we proceeded on, great numbers of hot springs issuing from near the bases of the mountains. These springs were highly impregnated with salt and sulphur; the temperature of some was nearly raised to the boiling point. We traveled for about fifteen miles down after coming into the valley, the latter part of the distance



the soil being unfit for agricultural purposes. We returned and found our wagons encamped in the valley, about five and a quarter miles from where they left the canyon.

JULY 23.—This morning we despatched two persons to President Young, and the wagons which were still behind, informing them of our discoveries and explorations. The camp removed its position two miles to the north, where we encamped near the bank of a beautiful creek of pure cold water. This stream is sufficiently large for mill sites and other machinery. Here we called the camp together, and it fell to my lot to offer up prayer and thanksgiving in behalf of our company, all of whom had been preserved from the Missouri River to this point; and,

after dedicating ourselves and the land unto the Lord, and imploring his blessings upon our labors, we appointed various committees to attend to different branches of business, preparatory to putting in crops, and in about two hours after our arrival we began to plough, and the same afternoon built a dam to irrigate the soil, which at the spot where we were ploughing was exceedingly dry. Towards evening we were visited by a thunder shower from the west, not quite enough rain to lay the dust. Our two messengers returned, bringing us word that the re-



LITTLE MOUNTAIN

Looking up the west slope, leading up from Emigration Canyon.



CAMP AT THE FOOT OF BIG MOUNTAIN  
Beautiful Mountain Dell Canyon. Dinner  
over; reading the field notes.

Towards evening another thunder shower from the southwest, but not enough rain to benefit the ground.

mainder of the wagons belonging to the pioneer company were only a few miles distant, and would arrive the next day. At 3 p.m. the thermometer stood at 96 degrees.

JULY 24.—This forenoon commenced planting our potatoes; after which we turned the water upon them and gave the ground quite a soaking. In the afternoon the other camp arrived, and we found all the sick improving very fast, and were so as to be able to walk around.



THE PHOTOGRAPHER

## Editor's Table

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### Who and What are the Angels?

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The annexed letter has been received by the IMPROVEMENT ERA, and I am requested to answer it for the benefit of others, as well as "Subscriber," who desire information on the points presented.

How can we harmonize the following statements, viz.: The Apostle Paul, in 1st Cor. 15th chapter, 20th verse, says that Christ is the first fruits of the resurrection. The Prophet Joseph, in Doc. and Cov. Sec. 130, verse 5, says there are no angels who minister to this earth, but those who belong or have belonged to this earth. In Sec. 129, verse 1, he says angels are resurrected personages. In Pearl of Great Price, page 18, after the Lord drove our father Adam out of the Garden, after many days an angel of the Lord appeared unto Adam and asked him why he offered sacrifices unto the Lord. It would appear that there is an error in some of these statements. Who are the sons of Levi that John the Baptist refers to when conferring the Priesthood upon Joseph and Oliver? Please answer through the columns of the ERA and oblige—SUBSCRIBER.

If critical people would take as much pains to harmonize scripture texts and the sayings of inspired men, as they do to discover apparent contradictions therein, much discussion would be saved and many contentions be avoided. Most of the arguments of infidels, and the misconceptions of habitual disputants, are the result of incorrect conclusions reached through hasty reading.

Take, for example, the quotation in the foregoing letter of inquiry, from section 129, verse 1, of the Doctrine and Covenants; reference to the text cited will show that it is not there stated that "all" angels are resurrected beings, a notion that our inquirer, like some other persons, seems to entertain and which forms the origin of his trouble. The theme discoursed upon is the presence in heaven of two kinds or classes of beings, namely first, resurrected beings and, second, spirits who are not resurrected. It is not asserted that there are no other kinds of persons in heaven than they, but the subject treated is of the two classes mentioned.

Comparison with other texts of scripture, ancient and modern, makes clear the fact that there are other grades or classes of heavenly beings than the two spoken of in section 129. It is understood by ordinary students of modern religion that there are per-

fected beings called gods, who are higher than the angels (see section 132:16-20), and to whom the angels are servants. And even among the gods there are Presiding Personages, the Holy Trinity standing at the head.

There are angels of various appointments and stations. Michael is called an "archangel" (Doc. & Cov. 29:26; Dan. 10:13). Some are resurrected beings like the angel that was sent to John the Revelator (Rev. 23:8, 9) and those already referred to in Doc. & Cov. sec. 132, while others are "ministering spirits sent forth to minister unto them who shall be heirs of salvation" (Heb. 1:14). Some of these angels are described as "the spirits of just men made perfect" and are "not resurrected," and others were made ministering spirits before entering into mortality, serving among their fellows in their pre-existent state. Christ was a ministering spirit before his birth into this world. He was "anointed above his fellows." The angel Gabriel was a ministering spirit after he had been a mortal man (Noah), and before his resurrection, for Jesus of Nazareth was, as quoted by "Subscriber," "the first-fruits of them that slept." (See Luke 1:11-30; Dan. 8:16; 9:21.)

Angels are God's messengers, whether used in that capacity as unembodied spirits, selected according to their capacities for the work required, or as disembodied spirits, or as translated men, or as resurrected beings. They are agents of Deity of different degrees of intelligence, power and authority, under the direction of higher dignitaries, and subject to law and order in their respective spheres. Elijah, who appeared with Moses on the mount of transfiguration, was a translated man; Moses at that time was either a translated man or a spirit ministering to the Savior; both acted in the capacity of angels (Luke 9:28-33). Enoch's band of translated beings doubtless appeared as angels in manifestations to the patriarchs recorded in the book of Genesis.

Angels high in authority have been clothed on special occasions with the right to represent Deity personally. They have appeared and have been recognized as God himself, just as royal ambassadors of earthly potentates have acted, as recorded in history. The Angel spoken of in Exodus 23:20-22 was one of these. So also was the Angel already spoken of who ministered to John on the isle of Patmos, and used the names and titles of the Son of God (Rev. 1:1).



The popular notion that angels are winged beings, because it is stated by some scripture writers that they saw them "flying through the heavens," is a fallacy. Cherubim and Seraphim spoken of by Ezekiel and Isaiah, are not to be classed with the angels, for the angels are of the same race and descent as men, whether in body or in spirit, and do not need wings for locomotion, nor do they appear in birdlike form. They are of the family of Deity in different degrees of progression and are "in the image and likeness" of the Most High.

There are fallen angels, too, who were cast down for transgression, as mentioned by Jude (verse 6), chief among whom on this earth is Lucifer or Satan, who has sought on many occasions to appear as an "angel of light" to deceive and lead astray, and who tempted the Son of God, but failed in his efforts as he did with Moses and with the Prophet Joseph Smith (see Luke 4:1-13; Visions of Moses 1:12-22; Doc. & Cov. 128:20). That great spiritual personage was an angel of God in his "first estate," and yet never had a body of flesh, but "was in authority in the presence of God" as a spirit, before he rebelled and was "thrust down." (Doc. & Cov. 76:25-28.)

Thus it will be seen that all angels are not resurrected beings, nor is it so declared, as imagined by the writer of the letter here replied to. He is also mistaken as to his conclusion that there is a conflict between that which is revealed concerning angels who have appeared to man and the statement in Doc. & Cov. 130:5. In the first place, it is not there declared that no angels from or belonging to other worlds have ever ministered on this earth. The words are in the present tense; that is: "There are no angels who minister to this earth but those who do belong or have belonged to it." That is absolutely correct as it relates to the present and many of the past dispensations. It may also be true as to the ministrations of heavenly beings to man on this earth, ever since the fall. The angel who spoke to Adam when he offered sacrifice, like the Savior himself, doubtless "belongs to this earth" through receiving a tabernacle here subsequent to his appearance as a "ministering spirit" in the beginning. Abraham, Jeremiah, many others not mentioned in scripture by name, were among "the noble and great ones," chosen before they were born into this world and ministering as required under the direction of the Holy Ones on high. They have "belonged to this earth" in their time and station

and are so numbered and recognized. The "error" referred to by "Subscriber" is in his own misconception of the texts which he has stumbled over.

Now as to the "sons of Levi," spoken of by John the Baptist in his ordination of Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery (Doc. & Cov. 13). They are, or will be, descendants of Levi, holding the Priesthood of Aaron, who will make the offerings predicted by the prophets to be presented to the Lord in latter days in Zion and in Jerusalem. (See Malachi 3:2-4; Doc. & Coc. 124:39 and 128:24). In Zion, men chosen of the Lord for the special work mentioned will be persons sanctified by the spirit unto "the renewing of their bodies" (Doc. & Cov. 84:32-34). At Jerusalem they will be Levites by lineal descent, offering the sacrifices that will be required after the restoration spoken of in Zechariah 14:16-21 and many others of the prophets of old concerning "the restitution of all things."

Investigation of sacred writings is commendable, and when conducted for the purpose of obtaining correct information should be encouraged. When pursued in a spirit of incredulity, or to provoke contention or cast doubt on the inspiration of ancient or modern prophets, it is not profitable but injurious. Diligence in comparing text with text to discover the real intent and meaning of the respective writers is desirable, rather than efforts to draw inferences from the bare wording, which often, being but a translation, does not warrant the conclusions hastily reached. "The letter killeth, it is the spirit that maketh alive."

CHAS. W. PENROSE.

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### Messages from the Missions

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Elder Elmer Carter of Fountain Green, and Elder John D. Rogers of Grayson, Utah, write from Hamilton, Texas, stating that they are laboring in Fort Worth, Texas, conference of the Central States Mission, where they have succeeded in obtaining many friends and are treated very kindly by the people who are becoming more anxious daily to hear the gospel message.

Elder Jesse Crosby, writing from Belfast, Ireland, April 15, states that the street meeting season has just opened and the elders are putting forth their best efforts to make them a success. Much good has resulted. The missionaries are, left to right, top row: H. L.

Pierson, Plymouth, Utah; C. H. Smith, Fairview, Idaho; W. C. Davidson, Salt Lake City; S. H. Cornaby, H. L. Sterling, Spanish Fork; P. J. Welch, Paradise; J. B. Gray, Randolph. Second row: N. A. Smith, Lewiston; W. A. Noble, Jr., Smithfield; Samuel Russon, Lehi; William Johnson, Randolph; H. E. Egan, Jr., Salt Lake City; Geo. F. Wells, Sunnyside; Albert E. Money, Spanish Fork; J. A. Empey, Idaho Falls, Idaho. Sitting: C. A. Harding, Provo; T. F. McDonald,



Murray; J. W. Randall, North Ogden; Thatcher C. Jones, Byron, Wyoming, conference president; Mission President Rudger Clawson; Jesse Crosby, Cowley, Wyoming, conference secretary; Hugh Ireland, Salt Lake City, associate editor *Millennial Star*; J. M. Jones, Mt. Sterling. Bottom row: J. L. Madsen, Honeyville; W. H. Fjelsted, Preston, Idaho; W. J. Roberts, Paradise; Geo. V. Vincent, Provo.

Elder E. N. Francis, writing from Milwaukee, Wisconsin, under date of May 10, says that the elders laboring in that district have met some genuine friends during the past winter. The elders laboring there are: E. N. Francis, Taber, Canada; Lorin C. Caldwell, Vernal; Raymond Harding, Provo, Utah. "By holding cottage meetings this winter and visiting the people in their homes we have been able to convince six of the truth of the gospel who were baptized on May 12. The Milwaukee branch is in good condition. The Saints are living according to the gospel; 93 per cent. are tithe payers, and in other ways are living up to the requirements made of them as Latter-day Saints, thus being a light to the world."

# Mutual Work

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## Department of Vocations and Industries. I.

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The twentieth century will be pre-eminently the age of specialization in vocations. If in the closing decades of the nineteenth century it began to be realized that while a person might know a little something about everything he must know everything about some one thing, in order to succeed in any large way, that truth will become more patent, and be more emphasized in the twentieth century than ever before. The day of "the jack of all trades and master of none" is passing. Our modern life is so complex and at the same time so insistent upon things being well, efficiently, and quickly done that experts in all lines of industrial and professional activities are not only in demand, but the tendency is to reject all others. The opportunity for every man to do what he has inclination and skill to do, and exchange his product of labor service for the things he needs for his own consumption, was never so great as now. The rapid means of transit, both upon land and sea; the means of instant communication locally, nationally, and internationally, has wonderfully affected the industrial world, and makes it possible not only for states and neighborhoods to be benefited by an exchange of products, but enables the individual to work at that which he best likes to do, which is also most likely to be the thing he can most profitably do, and exchange that labor service for the product of labor service of his fellows who also, by the conditions of our twentieth century, are able to follow specialized work for which they have inclination and skill, and which to them is most profitable. Under these conditions it will be readily seen that each man will be able to engage in that for which he has inclination and special aptitude, and thus get the highest value out of his industrial or professional vocation.

These conditions emphasize the importance of every young man finding out at as early a date as possible the vocation in life for which he is best fitted, the thing at which he will most likely succeed. It will go without saying that there has been in the past, and is now, in our communities, too much neglect of this subject; and the matter of choosing a vocation for, or helping our young men to choose for themselves a vocation, is left altogether too much to chance, or undirected circumstances.

Recognizing these conditions the General Board of Y. M. M. I. A. has thought it necessary to open a new department in M. I. A. work, which in reality will be the Department of Vocations and Industries, though in its organization it will be placed under the direction of general and local committees known simply as "Committees on Vocations." Of these committees there will be three kinds: (1) a general committee to have direction of the whole department appointed from



the General Board. The personnel of which has not yet been designated. (2) A committee of two from each stake board to have the supervision of the work within the stake. (3) A committee of one in each of the ward associations to take immediate charge of the work as related to the members of the respective associations. This in outline is the organization. The functions to be performed by the General Board committee and Stake Board committees will be the general and stake supervision of this department, involving a study of vocation and industrial activities of our modern life, including outlook for opportunities and advantages obtained in various pursuits in life; calling attention to advantages and difficulties, desirable and undesirable things in given callings; and to supervise and direct activities of the respective association committees who will be in personal contact with the members to be helped in the consideration of and the choice of vocations.

The association committees should be chosen with strict reference to their fitness for this work. They need to combine the thoughtfulness of somewhat matured minds, and sympathy with boys and young men whom they are expected to influence to their advantage in choosing trades, professions, business, and other industrial pursuits. They will need to be men who can co-operate not only with the young men themselves but with parents and teachers in regard to special cases and problems that will present themselves in connection with their work in this important field. Also, they should be men of such broad sympathies with boyhood and young manhood life, that the members of the respective associations will seek their counsel and advice in relation to matters herein considered; that our young men may feel that there is a local source to which they may appeal for a sympathetic hearing to their wishes, desires, inclinations, and ambitions, in reference to vocations in life, and where they may reasonably look for helpful suggestions in relation to all these matters.

This is a brief and imperfect outline of what we hope will develop into a very interesting and important department of M. I. A. work, the first of a number of descriptive articles in relation to it, which from time to time will appear in the ERA and will be the subject of correspondence and discussion in M. I. A. meetings, both stake and ward. It is desired, however, that a commencement shall be made in our fall conventions, and the appointment of a committee of two from the stake board officers; or, in case of more desirable material for such committee existing outside of stake boards, such brethren as will be thought proper may be brought into the service. Then at the opening meetings of the respective associations, or as soon as it is possible to accomplish it, suitable appointments should be made of a committee-man in the respective associations, that the movement may be started as simultaneously as possible, and at the same time the most suitable persons for the work be enlisted in its service.

One other thing should be pointed out in these initial steps in the

work, viz., that while it is designed to place this work under the charge of the General Board, stake, and association committees, and make them responsible for the work, it should be understood that each of these committees, as in fact is the case with all committees, has the right to the cabinet services of their respective boards, and should in fact keep said boards well informed as to their progress as the work develops, taking to them for consideration problems as they arise, as well also their plans of procedure, and reports of their achievements, for in this work, as in all work involving community of effort, in the midst of counsel there is both safety and the greatest promise of success.—B. H. ROBERTS.

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Elder Victor L. Hansen gives a report of the semi-annual conference of the East Washington conference at Spokane, March 10. The elders reported their labors; Sunday School was held, and President Melvin J. Ballard delivered splendid discourses. A priesthood meeting was called where the elders received their assignments and instructions. President R. H. Hale, who has presided over the East Washington conference the past year, was released after twenty-nine months of active service, and Victor L. Hansen was sustained as his successor. Elder F. F. Brown was also released after twenty-one months of faithful labor. The names of the elders are, left to right, top row: Fred G. Carlile, Heber; George C. Wood, Woods Cross; Nephi P. Nielsen, College ward. Middle row: P. M. V. Anderson, Ephraim; L. E. Talbot, Kimball, Canada; Katherine L. Woodbury, Sale Lake City; Horten E. Fackrell, Bountiful; Victoria Egbert, Layton; Melvin K. Walker, Oakley, Idaho. Bottom row: Victor L. Hansen, Elwood; F. F. Brown, Blackfoot; R. H. Hale, Oakley, Idaho; Mission President Melvin J. Ballard; M. J. Stringham, Vermillion, Utah.

## Passing Events

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**The Strawberry Valley** tunnel was recently completed. This great irrigation project will place under irrigation over 60,000 acres of choice land adapted to fruit culture, in Utah.

**Elder Thomas J. Cole of Thatcher**, Arizona, a missionary, was drowned on the 5th of July near Buchanan, Georgia, while bathing in the river. He was a member of a picnic party composed of Church members. His body will be brought to his home town for burial.

**The Thomas Smart Gymnasium of Logan** is announced completed. When fully equipped this gymnasium will be in a condition to give elementary and advanced work in physical education for both men and women. The building is most modern in all respects and is a joint gift of the Hon. Thomas Smart and the Utah State Legislature.

**At the Olympic games in Stockholm**, Sweden, on July 8, in the final running high jump, Alma W. Richards, of America,—of the Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah,—beat the Olympic record of six feet, three inches, made by Porter, American, at London, in 1908, with 193 centimeters, a little more than six feet four inches. Americans led the world in points made during the great contests.

**The Committee on Priesthood Course of Study** is preparing a course for the Deacons on "The Lives of our Leaders." Relatives of the following leaders are requested to send to David A. Smith, at the Presiding Bishop's Office, Salt Lake City, any anecdotes or incidents they may have relating to the lives of Heber C. Kimball, Willard Richards, Jedediah M. Grant, Daniel H. Wells, Parley P. Pratt, Orson Pratt, Orson Hyde, George A. Smith, Charles C. Rich.

**Affairs in Mexico** have terminated in guerrilla warfare since the defeat of General Orozco by the federal troops at the recent second battle on July 4, in Chihuahua. Rebel bands now carry on a guerrilla warfare in the various colonies, particularly in Morelos and Oaxaca just south of Agua Prieta, Sonora. In these colonies conditions grew very serious during the early part of July. The "Mormon" colonists have organized to defend themselves and their property against rebel as well as federal devastation. Senator Smoot called the attention of the State Department at Washington to their danger, but no action has been taken as Orozco has again expressed the wish that all Americans be left unmolested.

**A box of beautiful peaches and apples** from Hurricane, Washington county, reached the ERA, through courtesy of Frank Barber, July 12. The condition of the fruit was first-class and the flavor is incom-

parable. The opportunities for raising fruit in that district are unsurpassed, but a railroad is needed to facilitate shipping. The sample shipment made by Mr. Barber, though hauled by wagon sixty miles, and thence by rail to Salt Lake, sold rapidly and at prices largely in advance of those paid for California fruit. A railroad is wanted and should be built to the southern parts of the state which would enable thousands of the enterprising young men of northern Utah to find employment, homes, and wealth in that paradise of our wonderful Utah.

**At the Republican National Convention**, on June 22, in Chicago, President William Howard Taft was re-nominated. He received 561 votes. Mr. Roosevelt's name was not formally presented to the convention, but he received 107 votes, 344 of his supporters refusing to vote for anyone. La Follette got 41 votes, and Cummins 17. Vice President Sherman was also re-nominated. After the convention a large number of the Roosevelt delegates who refused to vote denounced the action of the regular convention "in refusing to recognize the claims of the contesting delegates pledged to vote for the former president, and in seeking a sufficient number of fraudulently elected delegates to control the proceedings." They nominated Mr. Roosevelt for the presidency as "the candidate of our party." The nomination was accepted by Mr. Roosevelt on condition that it should be ratified by a convention to be held later, and the plans for the third party are proceeding in various parts of the nation.

**The Democratic National Convention** met in Baltimore, June 25. After organization the unit rule was abandoned by the convention. The first ballot resulted in Champ Clark receiving 441½ votes, Woodrow Wilson 324, Judson Harmon 148, Oscar W. Underwood 117½, Thomas K. Marshall 31, Simeon E. Baldwin 22, William Sulzer 2, William J. Bryan 1. On the 46th ballot, on July 2, Woodrow Wilson, governor of New Jersey, by a vote of 990 against 84 for Champ Clark, was named for president while Thomas K. Marshall of Indiana was chosen vice presidential nominee. Mr. Wilson is a finished scholar, a well-known educator and a recent convert to "progressive" ideas. He was born in Virginia in 1856 and is a lawyer and historian. He became president of Princeton in 1902, and was elected governor of New Jersey in 1910. William J. Bryan exercised a leading influence in the convention.

**C. C. A. Christensen**, a pioneer missionary of Scandinavia, writer and artist, a well-known worker in the Church for many years, and a resident of Ephraim, Sanpete County, died July 3, 1912. He was born at Copenhagen, November 28, 1831, receiving a good education, besides considerable instruction in the art of painting. He was baptized on the 26th of September, 1850, into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and became an active missionary for the cause until his emigration to Utah, in 1857. He came across the plains with



a hand-cart company and later settled in Sanpete County where he pursued the farming industry, living at Fairview, Mt. Pleasant, and Ephraim. He filled a mission to Norway in 1865-8, and another to Denmark in 1887-9, where he edited Scandinavians Stjerne. Many of the hymns found in the Danish hymn book are from his pen, and he is not unknown to the readers of the ERA having contributed several articles for our magazine. He was ordained a patriarch some years ago, and in later years has written much for *Bikuben* and other Danish publications. He was faithful and true all his days, and was a man of sterling integrity in all things.

**New Stakes and Wards**, as reported for June, 1912, by the Presiding Bishop's Office:

**New Stakes.**—San Juan stake disorganized. See Platte and Young stakes. Platte stake organized with Lemuel H. Redd, Jr., President, Albert R. Lyman first and George A. Adams second counselor, and Peter Allan, stake clerk. This stake includes all the wards situated in the state of Utah, in the former San Juan stake.

Young stake organized with David Halls President and Hiram M. Taylor first counselor and John H. Hammond second counselor, and Herbert Halls stake clerk. This stake includes all the wards situated in New Mexico and Colorado in the former San Juan stake.

Moapa stake organized. Part of the St. George stake, includes all the wards situated in Nevada. Willard Larson Jones, President, John M. Bunker first and Samuel Henry Wells second counselor, and Isaac Ellis Turnbaugh stake clerk.

**New Wards.**—Raymond second ward, Taylor stake, with John Wm. Evans, bishop and Octave F. Urnsbach, ward clerk. Grassy Lake ward, Taylor stake, with Wm. O. Lyons, bishop and Job Llewellyn, Jr., ward clerk. Lethbridge ward, Taylor stake, with Brigham S. Young, bishop and Leland Walder, ward clerk. Malad second ward, Malad stake, with Wm. H. Thomas, bishop and John M. Richards, ward clerk.

**New Bishops.**—Jos. H. Wood, Monticello ward, Platte stake, to succeed Geo. A. Adams. Elmer F. Taylor, Burnham ward, Young stake, to succeed John T. Nielson. Leo S. Taylor, Redmesa ward, Young stake, to succeed Hiram M. Taylor. Edward I. Cox, Bunkerville ward, Moapa stake, to succeed Jos. I. Earl. Wm. A. Whitehead, Overton ward, Moapa stake, to succeed Willard L. Jones. Robert O. Gibson, St. Thomas ward, Moapa stake, to succeed John M. Bunker. Lee Taylor, Freedom ward, North Sanpete stake, to succeed Andreas Jensen. Wm. R. Sloan, Logan second ward, Cache stake, to succeed Anthon Anderson. Ray S. Thurman, Grover ward, Star Valley stake, to succeed James Jensen, Jr. James Warren Sirrine, P. E., Cokeville branch, Bear Lake stake, to succeed W. Woodruff Clark.

**New Ward Clerks.**—Otto Neumann, E. T. ward, Tooele stake, to succeed Wm. G. Yates. Chas. Anderson, Millville ward, Hyrum stake, to succeed James A. Hovey.

The University of Utah Central building is begun. Ground was broken July 8 for this new structure which is to cost \$300,000. The important educational event was celebrated by two thousand students and friends of the institution. There were short addresses by Pres. J. T. Kingsbury, Governor William Spry, and Chairman W. W. Riter, of the Board of Regents. At a signal from Mr. Riter a whistle was blown, the band played a patriotic air, and the big steam shovel lifted its first load into a waiting wagon. The new building will be 270 feet long, 71 feet wide, and four stories high. It is to be constructed of stone, in classical design. The building, which will lie directly across the east end of Second South street set back on a terrace and approached by a broad flight of steps reaching across the entire front of the terrace, will stand out grand and beautiful viewed from any point in the valley. One floor will be devoted to the library, and the upper floor to art and archaeology, and the remainder of the building to class rooms, offices and students' rooms. According to contract, the building will be ready for occupancy by September, 1913.

What is the greatest education? is a question which the Agricultural College of Utah desires to have answered. Some very excellent answers have reached the college as a result of advertising in the ERA and other publications. A young man from Utah county says: "A high ideal of citizenship is the best result of the greatest education." A newspaper editor says: "The greatest education is the ability to conform to natural law." Hon. Heber J. Grant writes: "The greatest education is the common sense to know how to use what you know." D. C. Johnson, of the Springville *Independent*, says: It "is the ability to know what we do not know."

Ten book prizes were offered by the college for ten best answers which must be sent to the Contest Committee at the Agricultural College, Logan, by September 1, 1912. Only fifty words may be used in the answers and one person may compete only once.

The State Agricultural College has been greatly honored at the International Dry-Farming Congress to convene at Lethbridge, Alberta, Canada, October 21-26. The roster of officers for the Congress is made up of agricultural experts from all over the western states and from most of the civilized countries of the world. On this roster the Utah Agricultural College figures more prominently perhaps than any other institution, many of its graduates being on the executive committee: Dr. John A. Widtsoe is the president of the Congress, and on the Executive Committee are: Prof. Lewis A. Merrill, of the Utah Agricultural College; W. M. Jardine, now from Kansas State College; F. D. Farrell now in the office of Western Irrigation Investigation of the United States; Ed. H. Watson in charge of the dry-farming experiment station in Wyoming. Besides the representatives from the western states of the United States, there will be representatives in the Congress from the British empire, Brazil, Chili, France, Hungary, Russia, Mexico, Turkey, and Uruguay.

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**Elder Preston D. West**, writing from Adelaide, South Africa, says: "In behalf of the elders, I wish to report that we are pleased with the ERA. We enjoy reading the reports of other conferences, as well as the good stories. We find the ERA very helpful, and the Saints are very pleased to read it."

Several articles are crowded out of this number, and will appear later. We beg our correspondents to be patient. The great southern Utah story, "Voice of the Intangible," will begin in the September ERA. New subscribers who forward \$2. on or before October 1 for Vol. 16, which begins November, will get the September and October numbers containing this story, free. Send today. A new story, by Annie Kay Hardy, "A 'Mormon' Woman's Sacrifice," will appear in September with other short stories, and light and attractive reading.

**Conference President Walter S. MacKay** of the Independence conference, Central States mission, says: "We wish to express our appreciation of the IMPROVEMENT ERA in missionary work. It is a welcome visitor, bringing with it much knowledge and consolation. To our friends it comes as an educator of the highest type. In the mission field, as elsewhere, the sky is sometimes overcast, the days are gloomy, but the ERA steps in with its pages laden with golden thoughts, and the rays of inspiration bring back sunshine to our souls."

## Improvement Era, August, 1912

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JOSEPH F. SMITH,	} Editors	HEBER J. GRANT, Business Manager
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### TABLE OF CONTENTS

Elders of the West Pennsylvania Conference.....	Frontispiece
How the Elders should Live at Home and Abroad .....	Brigham Young ..... 869
The Place of the Y. M. M. I. A. in the Church	Heber J. Grant..... 871
In Sunny Africa. Illustrated.....	Frank J. Hewlett..... 880
An Intimate View of the "Mormons".....	Charles J. Dixon..... 890
Custom .....	898
A New Mission Field.....	H. R. Woolley..... 899
Questionable Goodness .....	900
The Use of Nicotine.....	Elmer G. Peterson, A. M. 901
On Cheerful Giving .....	905
Little Problems of Married Life.—XIII.....	William George Jordan.. 906
Conjoint Session of the Seventeenth Annual M. I. A. Conference.....	
Purpose and Method of Preliminary Pro- grams .....	Edward H. Anderson.... 910
A Remarkable Deliverance—A Retold Story .....	Clarissa A. Beesley..... 913
Safety in Prayer.....	Dr. George H. Brimhall.. 915
Remarks .....	Thomas Hull ..... 916
Physical Development .....	Brigham H. Roberts.... 919
Intellectual Development .....	Ruth May Fox..... 921
Would You Win or Lose?.....	922
The Open Road.—IX and X.....	John Henry Evans..... 923
Over the Pioneer Trail. Illustrated.....	Record of Orson Pratt... 933
Editors' Table—Who and What are the An- gels .....	Charles W. Penrose..... 949
Messages from the Missions.....	952
Mutual Work—Department of Vocations and Industries. I.....	B. H. Roberts..... 954
Passing Events .....	957



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